

VOGUE



Continental
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A RAY OF SUNSHINE IN A DARK PLACE

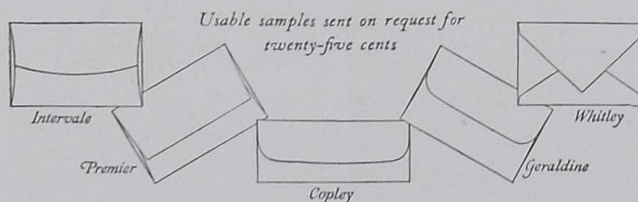
The smartness of a contemporary product is enhanced and dignified by a tradition such as surrounds

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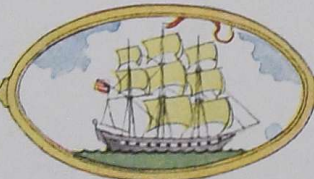
[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

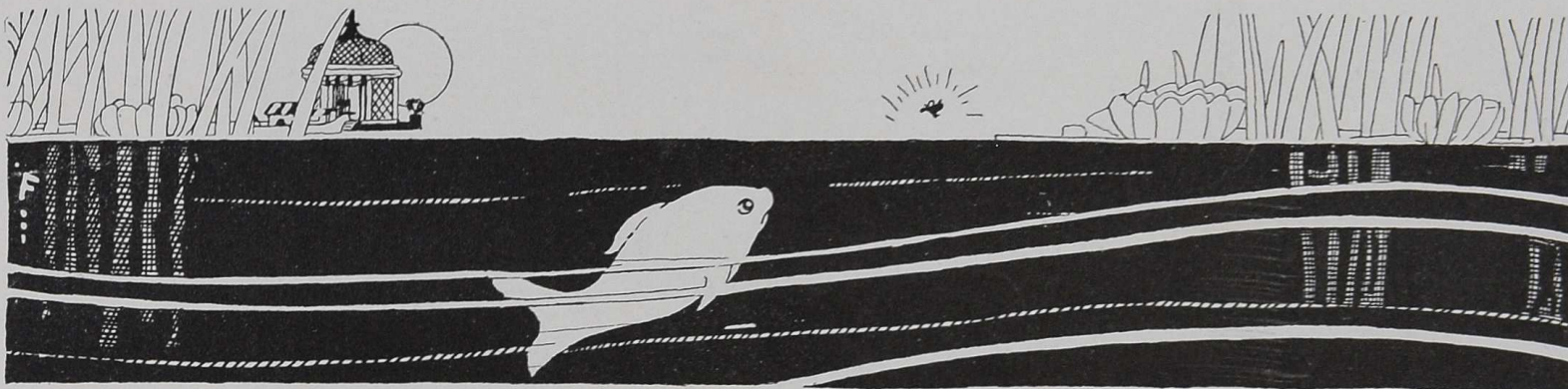
for the standards of quality set for its making over a hundred years ago are observed today as sincerely. It is distinguished by an authoritative style that identifies it as the writing paper of fashionable folk.

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EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, New York, Pittsfield, Mass.





ANOTHER SERVICE STRIPE FOR BOOKS

"COULD you send some reading to a couple of Yanks in Germany, where it's impossible to get any reading at all? If you can't we are all going bugs."

Just suppose one of those whimsically slangy Yanks with the Army of Occupation were your boy—or just suppose he were in Russia or Siberia—wouldn't you want to rush him every scrap of interesting reading material you could possibly lay hands on? One forlorn doughboy writes from some desolate spot—no matter where—that for the whole signal battalion to which he belonged there were only four precious, tattered, worn-out books. Just such reasons as these are back of the American Library Association's request for three-quarters of a million books before July first.

DON'T FORGET WE'VE LADS IN FRANCE

Because the armistice has been signed and because we have already given books and books and books, or money for books and books and books, it is all too easy to forget the lads who are still in France and Germany and Russia,

or for that matter, in our own camps and naval and marine stations—all of whom are clamouring for books. Without the exciting stimulus of war, the men who have more time to idle away need a great deal of help in combating the reaction that results before they can sail in past the Statue of Liberty. And one of the most powerful factors in keeping up their morale is a pile of absorbing books.

BOOKS HAVE SHORT LIVES IN THE ARMY

A book which enters the service wears out seven times as fast as one issued from the Public Library. And thousands of the volumes sent over during the war were lost when the regiments went into action. Do you wonder that there is a crying need for more books when you realize that a popular work of fiction is fit for the discard after it has been issued to a dozen men in the camp or field?

The transports need books. The boys still "over there" need them, the permanent naval and military units in the United States need them, and most of all, the hospitals need them.

Not even in the hospitals in this country has the supply ever been sufficient to meet the demand. Imagine lying on a little cot all day, as one badly wounded Sammie did, and "just counting the bricks on the wall" for three long painful months. Or how do you feel about the boy who was so badly injured that he had to lie upon his stomach and whose only recreation was a leaf from the advertising section of a popular magazine?

THE KIND OF BOOKS TO SEND

Send books of relaxation, novels of action and adventure, detective stories, the standard authors, up-to-date technical works, and new magazines. If you live in New York, you may leave them at the public libraries or telephone Vanderbilt 3600 and have packages of more than ten called for. If you live in other cities, send them to your nearest libraries. At any rate, remember that those stalwart doughboys want to forget all about the war and to bury a broad American smile between the fascinating pages of some book from home.

VOL. NO. 53. NO. 12

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C O N T E N T S

for
Early July, 1919



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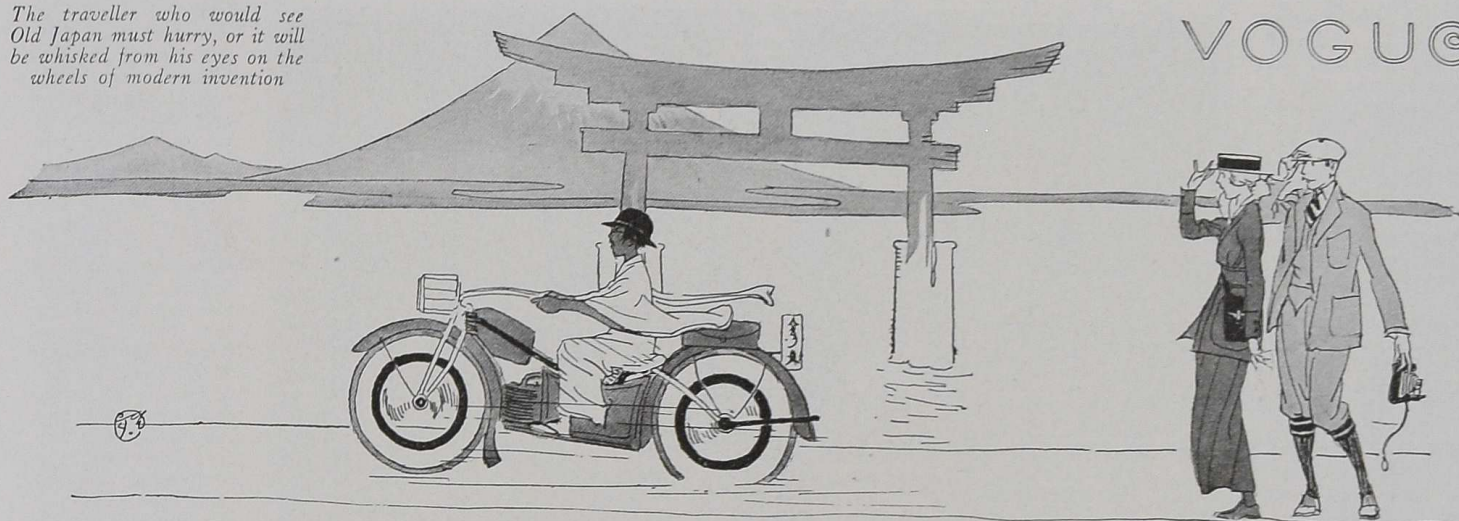
MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JUNIOR

Mrs. Vanderbilt is untiring in her many activities. She was in charge not only of the Aviators' Ball on April 26th, but also of the "Bal Bleu," given on May 5th at the Ritz and the last big event of the New York season this year. It was for the benefit of the Big Sisters' Or-

ganization, of which Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, senior, is president of the Protestant Branch and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, of the Catholic. This photograph was taken in the "Blue Shop" on Fifth Avenue, where tickets were sold in advance for the "Bal Bleu"

The traveller who would see
Old Japan must hurry, or it will
be whisked from his eyes on the
wheels of modern invention

VOGUE



TICKET, TICKET, WHERE GOES THE TICKET?

THEY tell us that a million people are waiting to get over to Europe the minute peace is signed and the American troops are back, and that some are standing in line three months for a passport that doesn't come even then. A great many of these would-be travellers are steerage passengers, to be sure, to whom the voyage would be a necessary evil, Paris a place to be avoided, the historic battlefields a horror, and nothing of any account but one poor little village trampled into the mud of France, one little hamlet still clinging to the eaves of the Italian Alps despite the loss of its men, one forgotten town in what used to be Armenia. For these, a substitute journey would be unthinkable.

But for most of us who just want to travel for the sake of travelling—those of us who crave new sights through our field-glasses, new tongues in our ears, and new labels for Delphine to remove carefully from our luggage—why, oh, why, should we sit still and blame Providence and the State Department, when all we have to do is to choose some other way than east and set out as soon as we feel the inclination to travel?

Although Tourists May Not Be Sure of a
Welcome across the Atlantic, Travel North,
South, or West Has Delightful Possibilities

By BETTY D. THORNLEY

Sketches by F. T. Chapman

The world is a large and interesting place after all, and nobody has any objection to our going west as far as we like (provided we don't choose Siberia), or south (if we avoid Mexico), or north with no reservations whatever, except that we mustn't shoot game out of the Canadian season. Passports, to be sure, are required for Asia, for South America, for Central America, and the Caribbees, but one may easily secure them if one is travelling "for business, for health, or for pleasure"—which would seem to include everybody except that small minority of morbid folk who will never be satisfied short of poking their umbrellas into the vitals of Rheims Cathedral.

As for northern travel, Canada is as easy to get into as New York state, and no passport at all is required from an American. There will be an immigration officer, of course, with a kindly eye and a Scotch accent, but his questions are few and easily answered, and his brother, the Custom Officer, is like unto him. Motor tourists will have to make a deposit on the car as they cross the border, but this will be refunded when they come out again, so that is not hard.

The State Department, as we can see, has done its best to make travelling north, south, and west as easy as travelling east is difficult, wherein the State Department has shown common sense of a high and uncommon order. For why should we go where we aren't wanted and do what we've done before, when by slipping out the back door instead of the front, we can see the white cone of Fujiyama over blue Yokohama Harbour and the water dancing with sampans? Japan is the land of cherry-blossoms and contradictions—the land of the Red Lacquer Bridge at Nikko and the ten-million dollar shipbuilding concern at Awaji where the workers get one-third



At night, the
semicircle of the
Bay of Botafoga
shows the lights
of many fine
hotels and coun-
try houses
clustered around
its margin

Botafoga, a sub-
urb of Rio de
Janeiro, looks to-
ward the isolated
peak of Corcova-
do rising two
thousand miles
above the level
of sea

of the profits—the land of the torii and the jinrikisha and the geisha and the cooperative buying society established for the ladies of Tokio by his worship, the Mayor.

Japan has been more interesting and more transitory. In fact, Japan is, par excellence, the land of right-now-or-not-at-all; for the inquiring American who puts off seeing the erstwhile home of the Mikado for ten short years may have such an astonishingly different sort of Japan to see that he will go home in despair and collect prints. Already the older order changeth: the seventy-eight-cents-a-day soldier is getting dissatisfied with his unembroidered chance to die for the faith; and Pitti Sing is not only going to Vassar College and adopting Christian Science—she's decreeing green as the fashionable colour, which, as all students of Oscar Wilde will remember, is a sign of genius in individuals, but an indication of decadence in the nation at large. And who knows what comes next?

STEAMERS FOR THE ORIENT

For practical facts about Japan, five steamship services are now on practically pre-war footing—the Pacific Mail, which is an American line, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, under Japanese management, the Blue Funnel line operating British steamers from Seattle, and the Canadian Pacific Railway with the largest and fastest boats on the Pacific, leaving from Vancouver. All of these lines, however, are enjoying the popularity of a Newport debutante. Any one who wants passage must secure it two or three months in advance, or he just can't expect to go at all—unless some lucky accident would deter a previously booked traveller from taking up his reservations.

Having allowed the East to call him as far afloat as Japan, the traveller would be unenterprising indeed who didn't long for a peep at the Temple of the Eighteen Hells in Peking, or push

on to Nanking, where he can get a jinrikisha for seventy-five cents a day and see everything from the tower to the Mint. The Yangtze Kiang (which no untravelled American ever pronounces correctly) unrolls its sinuous curves for three thousand four hundred and seventy-five miles and could swallow any river in Europe without blinking its Oriental eyes. And yet, if the State Department hadn't decreed the Seine out of bounds for the true patriot, it's doubtful if any American unconnected with the silk industry would have thought about seeing it this year. South of Hongkong to the Straits Settlements and to India—it's a bit difficult to go as yet, unless one is a missionary or on business bent—but every month sees old steamships back on their pre-war routes, and, if the Peace Conference has any

homesick for New York.

TRAVEL SOUTHWARD

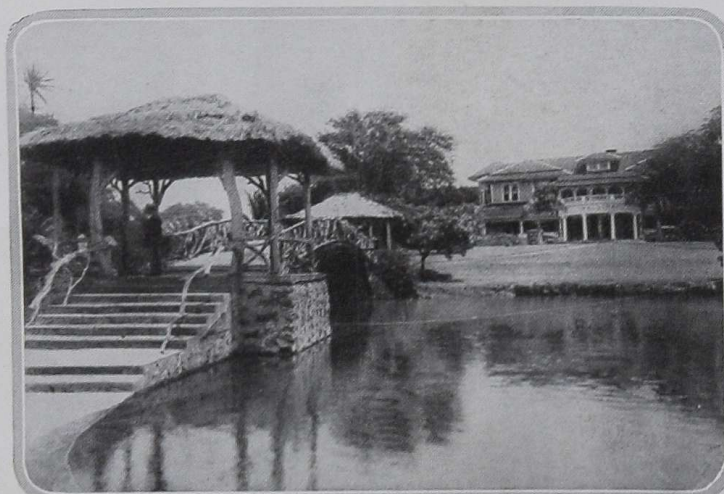
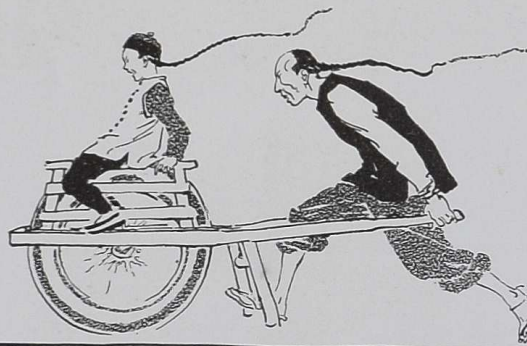
But what if one sees no beauty in the Ming dynasty, doesn't enjoy almond chicken or pineapple fish, never did admire kangaroos or sheep-ranches or successful suffragettes, and has always considered that Robert Louis Stevenson smoked himself to death anyhow? There is still plenty of salt water unoccupied by returning troop-ships, salt water as historically European and as unimpeachably blue as the Mediterranean itself. The cathedral of Potosi is as Spanish as anything in Seville; the donkeys of San José have as much individuality as their brethren of

(Continued on page 83)



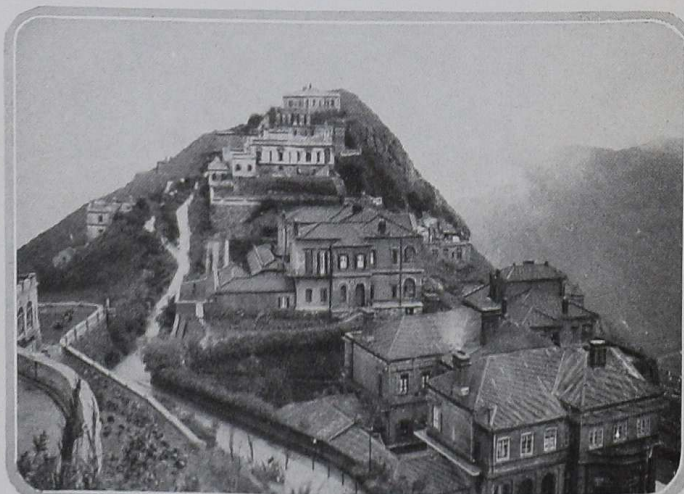
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(Above) Japanese women walk sedately over bridges in Kasuga Park to visit the temple mounds



© Publishers Photo Service

In Honolulu, where the tropical climate is never too hot or too cold, one may enjoy a lake frontage at the Haleiwa Hotel



© Publishers Photo Service

The Peak of Hongkong is the precipitous but picturesque site of the summer homes of the wealth and fashion on the island

TRAVELLER'S LUCK IN JAPAN

New Highways and Old
Byways in the Far East

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE Japanese believe that theirs is the most beautiful of all countries. Theirs is the sublime obsession of pride that made their ancestors believe that Japan was created first and the rest of the world made of what was left over, a theory solemnly taught by one of their great teachers, even a century ago. Indeed, it is part of their creed and of their patriotism to think in this fashion. In the rosy dawn of their primitive traditions, it is so written and written very large. In the beginning of their history, the pioneers migrating from Asia, the mother continent, named their new possession the Land of the Upspringing Light and the Home of the Rising Sun; while man himself is hi-to the light-bearer.

SOUTH OF TOKIO

For the traveller in Japan, Kioto and the centre and south of the country are the most interesting parts of the empire, as they are the richest and most populous. Here, also, lay the seat of the primeval culture, even before Buddhism, eighteen centuries ago, had entered with its long train of civilizing influences. The country north of Tokio, except the beauty-spot of Nikko, is newer, less fertile, and more sparsely settled, and its elements of interest to the foreigner are fewer. Its landscape has not the eloquence that comes from a storied, populous, and ancient past, for it is comparatively modern in settlement. For the traveller whose days are literally numbered, the south and centre of Japan should claim the full time.

To one who appreciates its legendary background, the Japanese landscape wears new charms and speaks with a thousand voices of suggestion to heighten his pleasure. Moreover, Japanese art is interwoven with the native literature, life, and customs at every point and, one may almost say, in all the industries from palace to

(Right) Who can deny the existence of complete perfection in the face of Japanese iris and Japanese women in a Japanese garden?

© Publishers' Photo Service



© Publishers' Photo Service

Not to Americans alone is the privilege of cherishing the time-gilded memory of "the old oaken bucket"



hut. There is even a reason for the bells and red textiles seen on the pack-horses of the rustics. There is poetry, pun, suggestion, or meaning in every bit of decoration, from the carved ivory netsuke which holds the smoking outfit to a man's belt, to the gorgeous carvings at Nikko or the fretted ceilings of temples that have withstood the rockings of the earthquakes during a millennium, for Japan is the land of symbols. Rich are the thousand temples of Japan. Their sites are usually chosen for their natural beauty and inspiring views of scenery, and doubled and tripled are the pleasures of the tourist who reads some of the meaning, veiled or open, in their art treasures and leafy environment.

Not that every alien tourist may, or can, expect to be a Lafcadio Hearn, to see and feel all the Princess country can show or make expression of emotion with his verbal felicity. Indeed, it is one of the humours of travel that short-time visitors to this land of humidity, fleas, earthquakes, and typhoons often take their leave with oburgations to his memory, as of an uncanny deceiver. Yet Hearn photographed the Japanese soul. And to the traveller whose eyes are less keen than his, one may recall the answer of Turner, the painter of gorgeous sunsets, when the critic vehemently declared that she could not see the colours or the glories that he transferred to his canvas. "Don't you wish you could?" was the artist's retort to that criticism.

FINDING OLD JAPAN

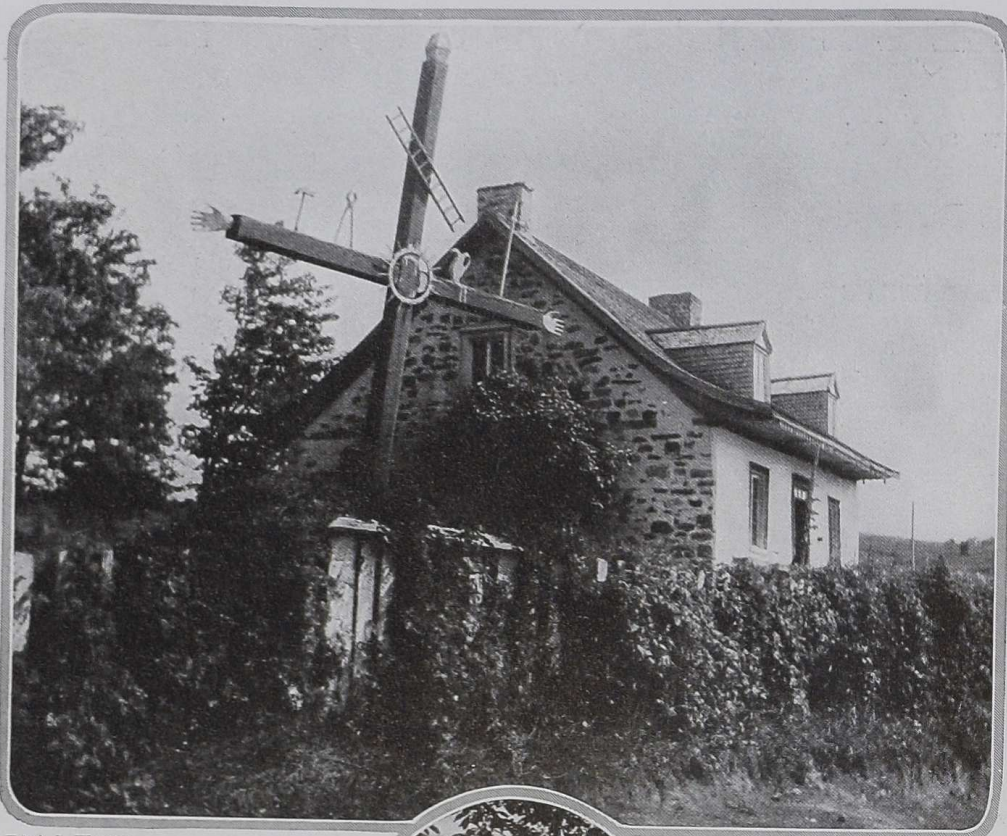
To get away from the newly made "Black Country" of chimneys and forges, factories and mills, and the Occidentalized seaports into the far interior, well repays the visitor. This can be done easily in our time, for fairly good hotels, parlour cars, and trains threading the main islands have

(Continued on page 86)

Few are the hostelrys in any land where the traveller will find more perfect entertainment than at the Hotel Fujia at Miyanosita, beneath the shadow of Fujiyama



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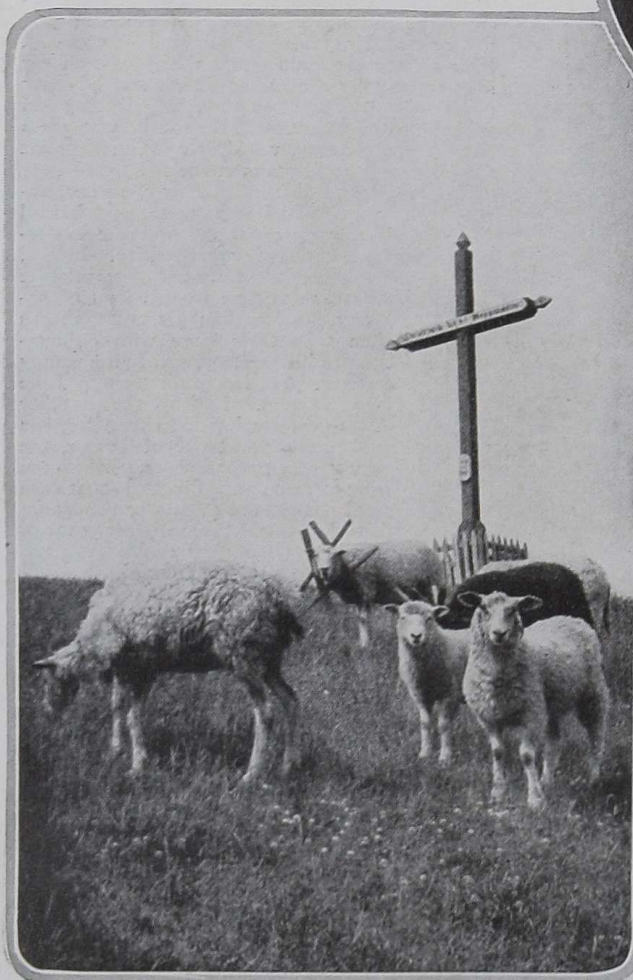


Edith S. Watson

On an open crest of the Laurentian Mountain, where the road leads from Quebec to Murray Bay, David built for the shelter of the household a stone cottage with a curved overhanging roof and a whitewashed front, in true habitant style. Then, that all his large family might grow up in piety, he fashioned one of those "Calvaires" that so often mark the mile-stones of Quebec, carving for its wooden arms the crown of thorns and the other symbols of crucifixion



(Left) Nobody, in all that land of deft wood-carvers, can make the figures of the Virgin and the holy saints almost to move and speak, like Monsieur Jobin, from whose shop in Sainte Anne de Beau-pré sacred statues have gone out to make his name well known in many places. This statue of Sainte Anne which is going to gladden the hearts of sick children in a Wisconsin hospital, has just been blessed with holy water at the cathedral, and is receiving the homage of a pilgrim



(Left) At the foot of the cross outstretching its far-seen arms high on the crest of a hill in Saint Tête de Cap have gathered the sheep, unconscious that they are presenting a beloved and familiar allegory. One is wearing the heavy yoke that is to be found on farm animals in old Quebec, always finer and fatter, strangely enough, than those that are not so burdened

(Right) Along the road that winds from Saint Joachim to the mountains, the traveller is arrested by a curious angel figure silhouetted against the sky. It marks the spot where, "each in his narrow cell forever laid," sleep the members of the habitant family, perhaps even the artist that carved the weeping angel, of the suggestive name "Paradis"



FRENCH LIFE MAY

BE SEEN AT SAINTE

ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

(Below) It was a strange blending of the old and the new when the venerable white-robed father stood turning away at the moving-picture camera while the procession swept by. He was a bit shy of being photographed, and, if he hadn't wanted these pictures "to make the lecture" to the natives of his parish in far-away Africa, might have stayed in his first refuge behind the leafy catalpa



Edith S. Watson

In mediæval procession pass the sacred emblems, led by the brilliant panel of the blessed Sainte Anne clasping the baby Virgin—the jewelled cross upborne by good Father Bruno, who has so graciously shown the church to many visitors. A silken umbrella in the papal red and yellow and a miniature belfry, both symbolic of the papal authority, come next and are followed by women on pious pilgrimage, boys, men, and, last of all, the Host, borne under a canopy, all interspersed with incense from the clanking censers, the drifting fragrance of flowers, strains of music, and chanting of responses. And many many hundreds who have come in curiosity or simple piety to this midsummer celebration on the birthday of the Virgin's mother, throng the streets of little Sainte Anne de Beaupré in Quebec to watch its winding progress

CENTURIES OF TOIL

AND WORSHIP HAVE

MADE THE HABITANT

(Below) Silhouetted against the archway in soutane and soft hat, the good father looked like a sturdy Cromwellian, but it is the tenderness of a woman that has made the plants blossom on the sacred staircase and the altars of Sainte Anne during half a century of his tending, and pilgrims returning year by year have come to recognize and watch for the faithful figure in black



(Left) The visiting sisters in their white robes are coming back from the Scala Sancta, where, one may be sure, they went up properly on the knees, and not by the roundabout stairs for the worldly-minded

Blooming in dazzling whiteness under the little outside shrine or twined as an honoured garland about the column of bonne Sainte Anne, the lilies of Saint Joseph are one of the beauties of the village





One would say that a wrap of obvious transparency was scarcely capable of accomplishing rare subtleties, but, after a glance at the achievements of this one of beige Georgette crêpe shirred between slender bands of sable, one finds that a wrap may be both transparent and subtle. A different effect is obtained by the sophisticated cape of oyster white crêpe de Chine in the middle of the sketch.

It is heavily fringed on the deep shawl collar and about the bottom with swaying black silk, and charmingly embroidered in bright rich colours which give it some of the exotic charm of Spain. Naïvely piquant is the film-like wrap of black Chantilly lace that floats from a yoke top of old-blue taffeta trimmed with three rows of quaint, dainty puffings and lined happily with old-rose chiffon

DESIGNS BY HELEN DRYDEN

SUMMER NIGHTS OFFER AN EXCUSE FOR ADDED WISPS OF TANTALIZING LACE, SWINGING FRINGE, AND SOFT ENWRAPPING FUR



Quite as one's grandmothers used to do, one may also do—in the way of cloaking oneself—and not find a smarter or more delightful little wrap than this one of mulberry taffeta lined with a cloud of old-blue chiffon and outlined in true 1870 fashion by quaint plaitings of the taffeta. The lightness of the middle wrap of pale grey finely plaited chiffon is far from making it un consequential.

Indeed it has much weight in such important matters as beauty and romance. Bands of grey taffeta outlined in loop fringe wind about the edge and broaden into a crisp collar. The wrap at the right is of vivid green taffeta, which is unmistakably original in the use of long flat taffeta fringe to match and in the big upstanding collar, embroidered lavishly with gay old-fashioned bouquets

DESIGNS BY HELEN DRYDEN

THE SUMMER WRAP MAY BE A BIT OF EXQUISITE SUPERFLUITY IN

THE WAY OF PLAITED CHIFFON OR BRIGHT TAFFETA AND FRINGE



Baron de Meyer

One is thankful for the ever-fresh charms of this taffeta frock with an overdress of batiste finely tucked and embroidered, and inset with filet lace, also of beige colour. The bodice is high in back and has very short sleeves, but in front it dips low to reveal a square of black taffeta decorated with lace. The skirt is a very grand apron that stops at the sides



In the back of this delightful frock, the taffeta skirt puffs up into the pertest of bustles, and there is a fat little parasol to match it of black taffeta ruffles mounted on a well-rounded black stick. The hat that one might expect to finish the picture does it—with the aid of Ann Andrews—in a flare of triumphant black lace that veils the crown of finest black liséré straw

If one's spots are of white upon a background of rose foulard, one is inclined to be like that obdurate beast, the leopard, and cling to them forever. The foundation of this spotted frock is of white embroidered net over a petticoat of organdie and lace. The overdress of foulard, true to the Boué feeling, takes the form of a minaret. The hat from Ogilvie is a frill of white lace upon which rests a crown of pale pink sweet peas



DEMMEYER

When Ann Andrews floated across the stage in an orchid lingerie gown embroidered in orchid colour, she resembled a rare and delicate flower. Her gown was all fluttering with lavender ribbons, a ruffly bouffant tulle overskirt, and lengths of blue and orchid tulle which lavishly draped her hat of blue horsehair, orchid lined; furniture from Chamberlin Dodds



(Left) Shimmering gold and silver brocade were fashioned into an evening gown of lovely lines, severe as to bodice and closely draped at the hem, but generous as to overskirt and spendthrift with a bow of gold metal tulle at the side. To keep it company, there was an antique fan of fragile lace, painted silk, and carved ivory; from Gidding

IN "PAPA," THESE SHEER

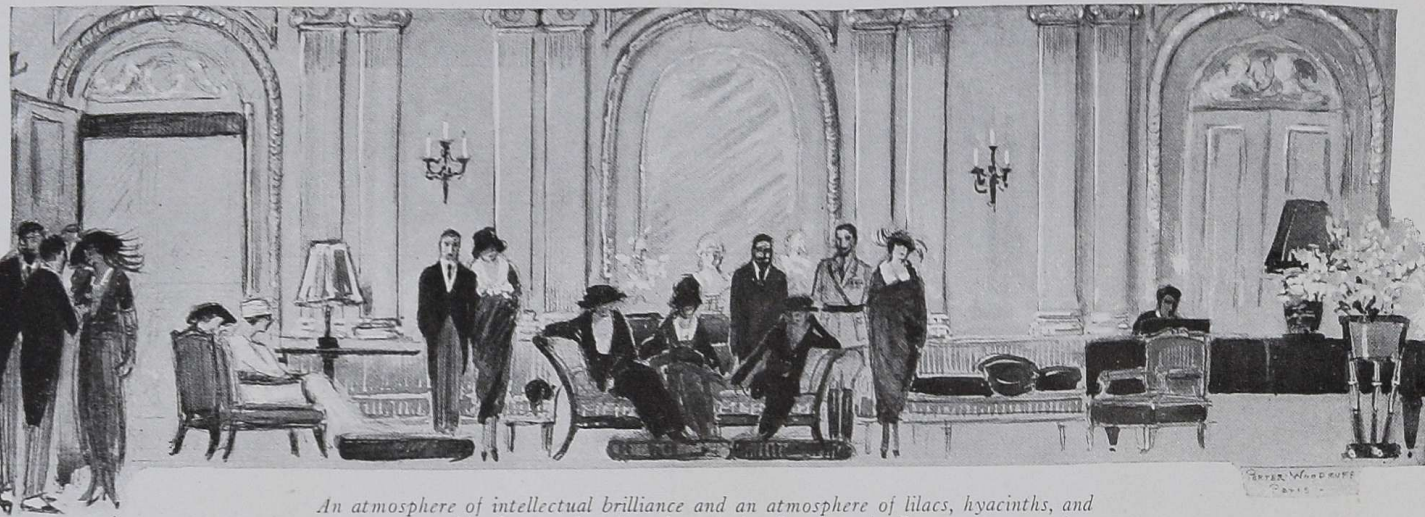
AND SILKEN CREATIONS

HAD THEIR PREMIÈRE

GOWNS DESIGNED BY BOUË

SEURS AND CHARMINGLY

WORN BY ANN ANDREWS



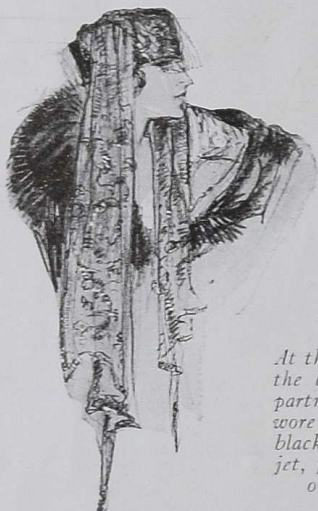
An atmosphere of intellectual brilliance and an atmosphere of lilacs, hyacinths, and anemones combined to make the salon of the Countess de Beaumont more than ever delightful on the day of her matinée, given in honour of the Queen of Roumania

PARIS KNOWS *the* ROYAL WAY *to* ENTERTAIN *a* QUEEN

The Days Are Brilliantly Filled with Entertainment

In Honour of the Roumanian Queen; Fresh Assur-

ance of Peace Comes with the Returned Frock Coat



At the matinée, at the Opéra for the benefit of the liberated departments of France, Mrs. Prince wore a small jet toque with a black lace scarf, brilliant with jet, falling from it in long ends on either side of her face

I MADE an appointment with my charming friend Madeleine for half after two, for I was very eager that she should pose for us in the lovely gown which she wore at a recent ball, a gown with a bodice of silver roses and a skirt of grey tulle in which she looked like some exotic flower.

All this was for half after two; it is now three, and alas, no Madeleine. Still we could hardly feel bored by the waiting in this delightful room, where the canvases of Degas mingle their brilliance with the Oriental richness of Monticelli. The sun filters through the warm rose of the draperies, and great white lilies lift their pale beauty from vases of crystal. Even as we look, there comes the sound of a motor, the slamming of a door, and Madeleine enters breathless.

"I am so sorry," she explains, pausing as she flies away to dress. "This last week I dash from one affair for the Queen to another, and this morning the lunch at the Duchess de Rohan's ended so late that I could not get here in time."

It had been the same in that week for almost all the women of the fashionable world in Paris. Bidden as guests to meet the Queen of Roumania, now at tea, now at lunch, now at dinner, they had barely time to return home for the necessary change of costume before going on to the next reception. It was really a royalty week, that week. At the home of the Princess Soutzo, of Madame de Cantacuzène, of Madame Bratiano, of the Duchess de Rohan, everywhere where the Queen of Roumania has faithful friends, there were social functions and, of course, most dis-

tinguished social functions to honour the Queen.

At the Opéra, the matinée, arranged by the Syndicate of the Paris Press for the benefit of the liberated departments of France, was honoured by having one of the boxes occupied by Her Majesty the Queen, her two daughters, and the ladies of her suite. The Queen wore that day a gown of pearl grey silk with long fringes on the skirt, and a Parma hat matching the violets pinned at her girdle.

pointing backward. The hats of the Princess de Chimay and of Mrs. Prince were so unusual that they have been reproduced on this page. On the whole, the women of real distinction were in simple afternoon frocks; some of them even wore their wraps.

La Grande Sarah personified Victory in "Triumph," a poem by Fernand Gregh, and was enthusiastically applauded. Madame Tetrassini sang gloriously the air of the madness of Hamlet, and Madame Rubenstein appeared in the tragedy of "Salomé" with the music of Florent Schmitt; all her movements were lovely, and the music was of stately grandeur. Here, with the comedy "Monsieur Choufleuri restera chez lui," was material for an enthralling afternoon. So enthralling it was, in fact, that at seven o'clock not a person had left his seat. This was one of the occasions when it might be said that those who paid five thousand francs each for their boxes received something for their money.

At the matinée given by the Count and Countess de Beaumont in honour of the Queen, the programme denoted a rare taste in art, an art not only decidedly modern, but also of an exceptional quality. To understand what at-



The Marquise de Chabannes sits upon her alluring terrace, designed for her by Mlle. Courtois, with her feet upon a cushion decorated with bunches of silk grapes and her elbow upon a quaint little black satin and lacquer ottoman, such as the Asiatic ladies use behind their heads

Throughout the audience there were few elaborate costumes, and black predominated. On the other hand, far too many women were gowned as for an evening performance with entirely sleeveless gowns,—a serious breach of good taste which should be noted.

Among those who occupied the boxes and the chairs of the floor, I noted especially the Count-

A costume that expressed the individuality of its wearer, the Princess de Chimay, was completed by a tam of gold tulle caught to a band of gold cloth

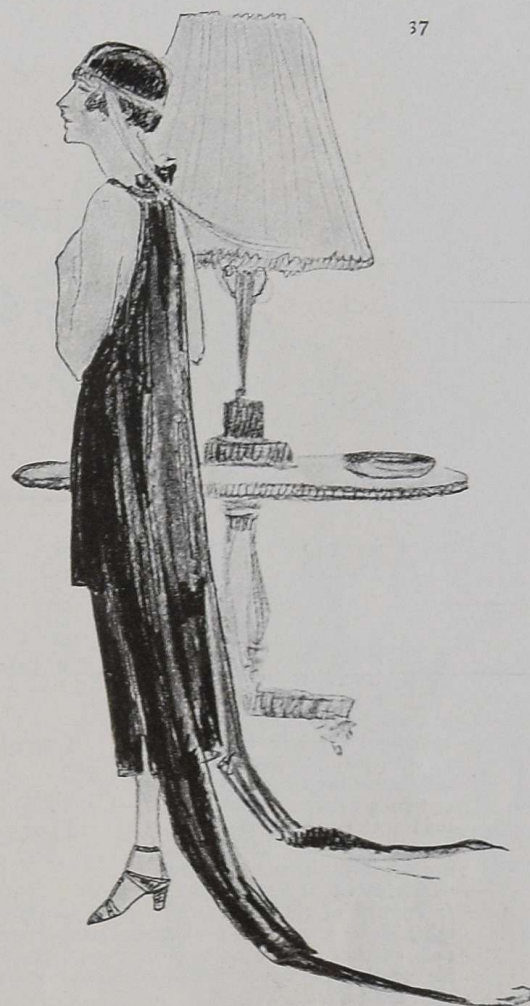




The much-fêted Queen of Roumania had a box at the benefit matinée at the Opéra. Her costume of grey silk was given colour by a bunch of Parma violets



The charming Duchess Sforza looked her most bewitching in a gown of jet and a Lewis hat of black lace and jet, and she managed, with grace, a huge lace fan



At a dinner given by the Princess Soutzo in honour of the Queen, the Countess Beaumont's headpiece was of sapphires and paradise, her sandals, black satin

mosphere of intellectual brilliance prevailed here, one need only be told that Mademoiselle Eve Francis, that incomparable artist, recited two of the latest poems of Paul Claudel, our mystic, whose poems are known and understood only by a small coterie of the elect. The master Eric Satie played his own composition, "Morceau en forme de poire," the rhythm and melody of which so well express the musician's thought that merriment inevitably seizes the audience.

The beautiful home of the Countess de Beaumont, of which a sketch is reproduced on page 36, was beautifully decorated for this occasion with lilacs, hyacinths, and anemones. Two buffets were arranged, one for the Queen in a small salon, and one in the regular dining-room for all the guests.

The Countess de Beaumont received in a biscuit coloured gown sewn with roses of the material. The Duchess de Gramont, always so beautiful, was even more beautiful than usual in her rose coloured gown embroidered in striking effect with dahlias in natural colours. Her hat was a "Carpaccio" in old-rose silk cut in battlement form, and it was worn far down over her eyes and turned up in front. The Marquise Casati, whose strange beauty is one of the ornaments of Paris, was all in black, with a great black hat. Mrs. R. Wood Bliss was a centre of attraction in the very clever costume which is reproduced on this page. Madame Jaunez wore the gown with black fringe which all smart women have been wearing for some months. Madame Godebska-Edwards was in silk jersey with steel



Mrs. Wood Bliss was one of the attractions of the brilliant matinée given by the Countess de Beaumont, and her success was aided by her original costume

paillettes, and her hat was a brown waterfall toque of a chic well suited to the wearer.

The Countess de Montesquiou-Ferensac had a very individual gown of black satin with a very short skirt. On her little toque, a very tall aigrette rose from the middle of the front, and a very little veil of lace was worn like a mask over the eyes. Here indeed was a hat unlike any other hat. For this is the reproach which I am tempted to make to women, they are beginning again to costume themselves in the model of such-and-such a maker, models each of which we see constantly throughout a whole season on some twenty or thirty women.

It is variety that we demand, always variety. We wish it at any cost that women may be clad each in accord with her own character, for assuredly characters are not the same for all women. How readily one sees this difference of character in the differing opinions offered in any conversation. Whether it is a question of high hats, of the costumes of Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys, or of the modern furnishings on exhibition in the Pavillon de Marsan, one woman will tell us that she adores this thing, another that she detests it. The same thing is true of the brilliance which one woman will discover in some one who, to another woman, appears totally uninteresting, and natures charming, simple, and rich in all good qualities to the eyes of one person, will be taxed with stupidity by another.

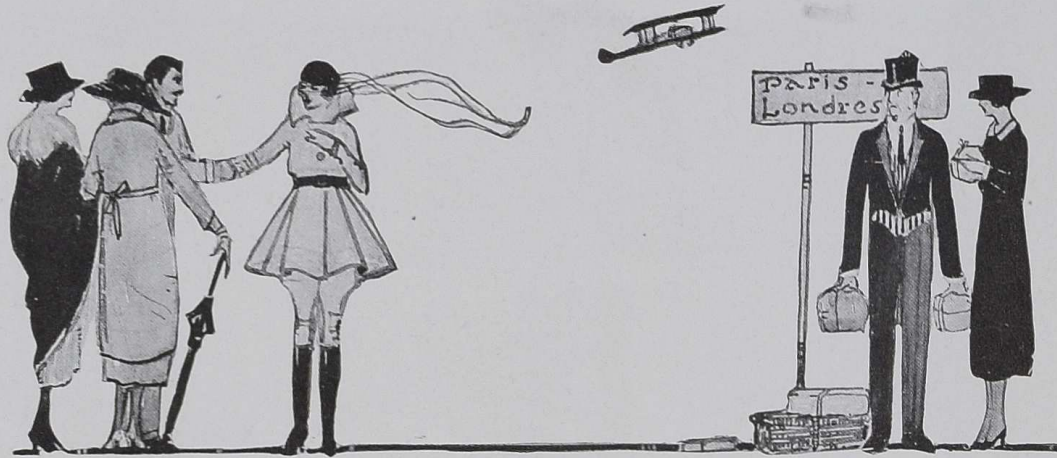
The famous high hat has reappeared at these royal matinées, for men have resumed the frock

(Continued on page 84)

An enthralling afternoon was spent at the Opéra, where famous people performed before a large and smart audience for the benefit of the liberated departments of France



This sketch shows an ensemble of the second act of "Monsieur Choufleuri Restera chez lui," in which assemble a goodly company of literary favourites, George Sand along with Balzac



Now that airplane travel is becoming such an ordinary occurrence, all the best families will take advantage of the established routes

PARIS MAKES READY FOR SUMMER TRAVEL

WHEN travel is suggested at the present moment in Paris, one is tempted to repeat Punch's celebrated advice to those about to marry—"Don't." Only those who can't avoid it try to get anywhere by railroad just now; the trains are so crowded that it is often necessary to remain standing during a trip of several hours. A journey of three hours before the war, now takes six or seven with maddening complications, such as changing when one least expects it and finding that the advertised wagon-restaurant has been left behind.

Soldiers travel at some absurdly reduced rate—one-third, I think—and tempted beyond their strength by the idea of getting anything cheap,

French Trunks Will Be Filled with Costumes

Combining Varied Uses and with Elaborate

Hats and Gowns for Evenings at the Casino

exodus to the resorts does not commence until July; but coming events cast their silhouettes before them, and the designs on these pages have been selected as an indication of the sort of thing which will go into the trunks of the Parisienne when she makes up her mind to leave her beloved city for the summer vacation.

It was the difficulty of transportation about the city in war time which gave rise to the present type of "combination" costume, doing duty for various hours of the day. The need is no longer great, but the idea of a gown which may appear to be something else still persists. The two models from Beer on this page, for example, are really frocks with coats to go with them; but they are perfectly wearable



BEER

That the silhouette is gradually widening is evidenced by this beach costume with vertical folds at the sides of the skirt. It is of cream serge lined with vivid blue silk



REBOUX

The Countess de Beaumont tilts over her eyes a Reboux hat of antique green gummed straw. To right and to left, abbreviated green and black aigrettes stick straight out from either side of the brim

they apparently can not refrain from travelling in all their spare time. At least, the carriages of all three classes are always filled with them, and the atmosphere becomes appropriately "blue." A few so-called *trains de luxe* are running, but the luxury, compared to that of former times, is conspicuously absent; they are called "*de luxe*" on account of the price of the tickets.

IS A SOLUTION TO BE FOUND IN THE AIR?

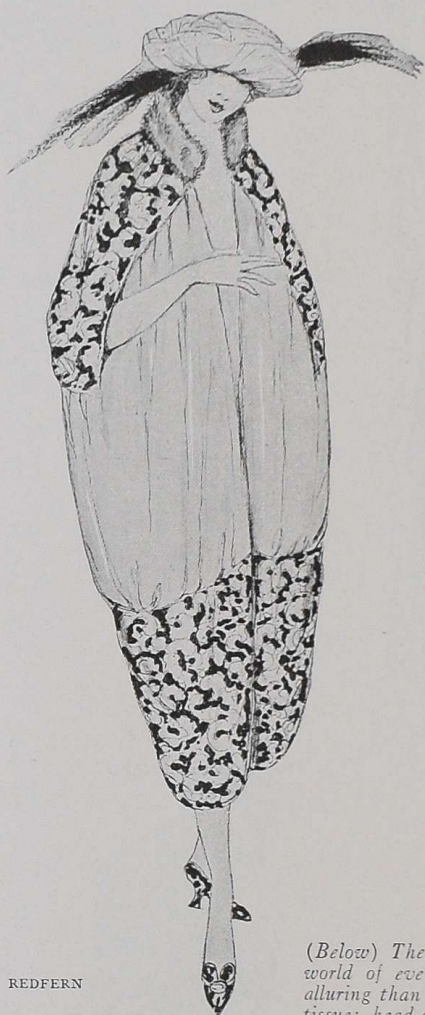
It is high time that another means of getting about the country should be found, and the logical answer to the problem seems to be to use the air route. Airplane travel is becoming an ordinary occurrence, and kings and ministers may drop casually into Paris almost any day in the week. Regular services are being rapidly established,—already there are the Paris-Bruxelles line, the Paris-Bordeaux, and the Paris-London. The Brussels machine, which is called an *aérobis*, carries fourteen passengers and makes the trip in something like two hours and a half. This week, we read in Paris papers of a giant seaplane built for war purposes originally, which will have room for thirty passengers and fly at a speed of ninety miles an hour.

Airplane travel, however, is still among the things that one only tries occasionally just for a lark. For this summer, at least, our main dependence will continue to be the unsatisfactory railroad, except for those who have been able to replenish their garages with touring-cars. Paris promises to be so attractive during June that there are few who will voluntarily leave it. The



BEER

The bright red burracotta coat may either remain faithful to a white jersey frock embroidered and fringed in red wool, or be worn with other beach gowns if it be fickle



REDFERN

(Below) There is little in this world of evening gowns more alluring than embroidered gold tissue: head-dress from Lewis

A beige mantle makes generous allowance for collar and hem, since they are of heavy gold lace with a small collar of fitch. The hat of brown tulle and paradise is from Lewis



CHÉRUIT

This tussur suit has its chiffon lining turned back for cuffs, but newer still is its double plaited frill for a collar



CHÉRUIT

The blouse of blue chiffon over white satin to wear with the tussur suit, has almost the importance of a frock. The scattered gay cotton roses are characteristically Chéruit's

alone, and the coats may easily do duty with other dresses. At the right is sketched a little beach gown of white jersey embroidered in bright wool with touches of wool fringe in the same cheerful shade. The coat is of a heavy coarse-woven material called "burracotta," in bright red lined with natural coloured tussur printed in a bold red design. The other model was shown in blue serge, but Monsieur Alex, its designer, suggested it in cream serge lined with vivid blue for beach wear, as it is illustrated here. The frock has two sections at each side placed over the hip like vertical tucks of the material, so that they give the skirt an appearance of width which it does not in reality possess. The house of Beer approves the silhouette which is flat in the front and in the back and extended on the sides. Alex also intends to make wider skirts. The dancing craze is responsible for this, for when women constantly bring back their dresses to be made more ample at the hem so that they can fox-trot in them, it is hardly worth while to continue to cut them narrow in the first place.



Stöberger Frères

When the Parisienne travels, she wears a black frock with a striped bure Chéruit mantle and a Maria Guy hat



REDFERN

At Chéruit's, Madame Boulanger showed me a new travelling cape, loose and ample enough not to crush a light gown worn under it. It fitted the shoulders tightly and was gathered thickly all the way round below them without either sleeves or slits for the arms, crossed ties holding it in place in the manner of a Red Cross nurse's cape. The one I saw was in reseda coloured cloth with a light flowered silk lining. The Chéruit costume shown in the photograph at the lower left on this page carries out the same idea of combination. The coat, of black and white striped bure, is accompanied for travelling by a little plain black frock with a binding of the bure at the hem; but the coat is perfectly serviceable with other dresses.

Any woman knows that there is no more satisfactory garment than a silk suit; the one from Chéruit in the sketch at the top of this page is made of pale grey crinkly tussur lined with a very dark blue chiffon which is turned back over the sleeves to form wide cuffs. The coat is indescribably soft and vague, and the collar is illustrative of the very new idea in collars launched by this house at their opening. It consists of a finely plaited double frill of



Stöberger Frères

Ribbon flowers make a Maria Guy hat, but violets are flowers for a black taffeta mantle



MARTIAL ET ARMAND



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

"Diamond Noir" made the Princess de Polignac, at a reception for the Queen of Roumania, look like a butterfly with jetted tulle wings, delicate as fairy cobwebs

For formal affairs are such décolleté black satin gowns as "Scintillante," embroidered in grey silk and diamond and jet beads, and veiled and trained with black tulle



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

"Mariora," a whirl of cerise tulle, satin, and beads with silver shoulder-straps, frankly prefers dances to state occasions

the tussur in one narrow and one wide section lined with the chiffon, and it may be worn standing like an Elizabethan ruff or turned flat on the shoulders. The blouse which is worn under the coat is of dark blue chiffon, and it is so important that it may almost be worn as a dress—another example of the "two-in-one" idea, as the sketch at the upper right on page 39 shows. It is of blue chiffon over white satin and comes down to the knees. Scattered irregularly over it are big roses of embroidery done in mercerized cotton loops in two shades of rose, soft green, and yellow; the blouse may be worn either open or closed at the neck.

The snapshot at the right on page 39 shows a revival of that useful summer garment, a taffeta coat which covers one entirely and is ideal for wear on short journeys. It looks very smart itself and at the same time affords protection to a gown underneath it. Taffeta is meeting with favour at several of the dressmaking houses, notably at Martial et Armand's where Madame Vallet showed me the little black taffeta frock sketched at the lower right on this page and just completed. The skirt, folded about the figure, is left open in front and given two deep ruffles. Natier blue faille ribbons edge the bodice and end in oval balls dangling from long ribbon loops. The evening gowns from this house, shown on the same page, illustrate the two distinct types in gowns of this character which exist at the present moment and will continue to be seen this summer. There is the formal dignified gown for state occasions, such as receptions to visiting royalties, gala nights at the Opéra, or very important dinners; and there is also the "little" gown, short, perhaps with frills or fringes, and adapted, above all, to dancing. This is not to say that the more formal ones do not forget their

(Continued on page 88)



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

Black taffeta is finding favour for the "little" gown which is short and fluffy and skirted for dancing away one's evenings



As one has heard so much of the splendour and coquetry of the "Merveilleuses," those grandest and giddiest of French ladies, one is not surprised at the extravagance of blue and black feathers or the sauciness of shape of a little bonnet of black taffeta that takes both form and arrangement of plumes from those times



Great impartiality was shown in proportioning black and brown to this hat. The brim of black taffeta has a crown of brown liséré straw and is faced with brown taffeta which is kind to the pinks and the creams of the saucy face beneath it, and about the crown, tiny black taffeta roses grow bolder until they reach the front in giant size



Though called sedately "English School," this black taffeta hat knows a coquettish trick or two. One must admit it when, ensnared by a flying web of black Chantilly lace caught to the crown by a perky bow of black taffeta, one is further bewitched by the lining of Nattier blue taffeta that but repeats the limpid colour of two mocking eyes



One need not be told that the frail wired shape of black Chantilly lace all a-bob and a-dance with moss-roses is a hat for a dance. The very tilt of its brim and the nodding brightness of its pink flowers are an irresistible invitation to carry it off and away to the music's gay call

MARIA GUY CAN ALWAYS

TEACH A HAT A NEW USE

FOR VEIL OR FLOWER



To begin with, this hat has the colour smartest and newest of all—"poison green"—for its picot straw and its glycerinized ostrich-plumes which fall over the point of the irregular brim. But not content with this alone, it claimed the foil of great effect, a full veil of black Chantilly lace that brings to mind the way the Second Empire wore veils—and they were never worn with rarer charm



All the pleasant things that can be said about black toques of malines with jet and sweeping paradise are mere truisms, so firmly are they established as favourites. The scintillant effect of this one is due to the black openwork stripes of the malines and the threads of little jet tubes irregularly wound about

When she goes to her favourite watering-place, the Frenchwoman takes a number of evening turbans to wear at restaurant dinners and the casino. A very distinctive hat of this type is of silver braid veiled in grey tulle and trimmed with two large brooms of paradise going in opposite directions



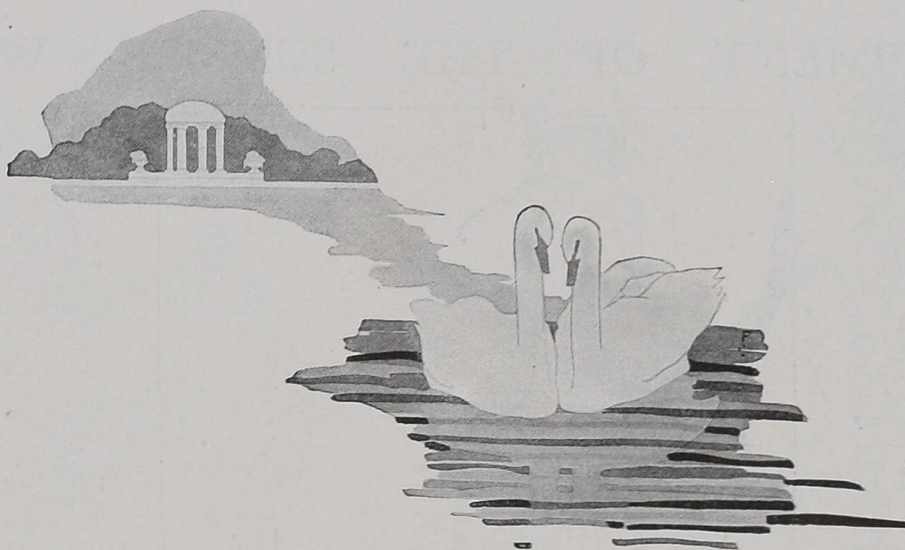
For casino wear, the Duchess Sforza has an evening hat in "lamé de jais" like a shining helmet with big loops of cut-jet beads over each ear. "Lamé de jais" is a thin glittery black and gold tissue, and here it is embroidered in emerald and jet beads. Jet ropes are arranged to give the effect of a tiara rising to a high point front and back



FOR THE DUCHESS SFORZA,

LEWIS DESIGNS HATS FOR

FRENCH WATERING-PLACES



SUMMER CENTRES OF AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE

JUST as there are resorts for every season in the year, so too there are resorts for every sort of person. Lake-wood, for instance, means the golf season, while the Thousand Islands are the playground of Pittsburgh and Cleveland millionaires. Even if there is a perfectly settled cottage that one may always go to when the hot weather comes, it is pleasant to know of other places and other attractions. Nowadays, people are increasingly catholic and nomadic. And, with the modern luxury of travel and long motor trips made easy by well-kept roads, distance presents no difficulties to travellers' whims.

THE UNIQUE CHARM OF BAR HARBOR

Perhaps there is not one among the many American resorts the individual characteristics of which are so markedly unique as those of Bar Harbor. This village, now a straggling town, sits at the foot of a wooded eminence on a beautiful island off the coast of Maine. It unites the advantages of both the ocean and the mountains, a rare combination for the Atlantic coast, where the seashore is, as a rule, flat or only modestly undulating; and its high latitude places it beyond the onslaughts of the torrid heat of summer. It is a land of azure skies reflected in blue waters. Although easily accessible by ferry from the mainland, it is far enough away from the busy haunts of men not to be invaded by the casual tourist.

Mount Desert, of which Bar Harbor is the largest town, is truly a tight little island. It was "discovered" after it had been the home for generations of a simple New England folk who were not slow to make hay out of its summer sunshine; but who should have the honour of this discovery is not surely known. It is claimed by a small party of Philadelphians who kept their precious secret dark for years; its fame, however, was made public by Mrs. Burton Harrison in her novelette, "Golden Rod." Mrs. Harrison was one of the first summer visitors, and her home, "Sea Urchins," was a pioneer villa.

In its first days, Bar Harbor had one historic hotel, Rodick's, where the food was scant and rough and the accommodations crude. Everybody lived out of doors, and the days were spent in sailing, walking, driving in the traditional buckboard (the most cherished of Bar Harbor institutions), picnicking, and canoeing. Then the steady train of fashion brought the villas, the modern hotels, and the clubs. Bar Harbor to-day rivals Newport in the beauty of many "cottages." The old quaint charm, however, remains, and few of the old customs are banished.

The social life centres in many clubs, like the Kebo Valley, and although surf bathing is the one seaside pleasure denied Bar Harbor, the place is amply compensated in its swimming pool and the Jordan pond where aquatic sports take place each season. Nearly all the great villas have their private pools where swimming-parties are

In Summer, Dwellers in Cities Become Nomads

And Seek the Haunts of Greatest Attraction

All the Way from Maine to Sunny California

frequent amusements. Although the crowds come in June and leave in September, many of the villa owners remain for the Northern autumn and tarry until the snows and arctic winds of November give warning of the coming winter. Bar Harbor, however, is not the only resort on Mount Desert. Near by are Seal Harbor, Dark Harbor, and North East, all with cottage colonies and comfortable hotels.

FASHIONABLE NEWPORT

Newport is unique, a veritable "summer city" without rival. It has been described by famous writers and has welcomed the great of the world to its palaces owned by millionaires and multimillionaires. Its wonderful gardens, its Bellevue Avenue and Ocean Drive, its gorgeous entertainments and social preeminence,—these are oft-told tales. Newport is the parade ground of society and, in that respect, a constant pageant.

There are many, however, who love the place and who know that the glowing fantastic stories told of it are partially imaginative. Perhaps it is better to let the fiction stand; it adds to the glamour and in this way to the success of the season. But there is another Newport vastly different. In truth, Newport's real charm is a delightful summer climate and an unrivalled situation. There is no locality better adapted for outdoor life of all kinds than Aquidnick Island. With the ocean on one side for surf bathing and aquatic adventure, the bay, on the other, a safe and commodious harbour for yachts—this is the paradise of the amateur sportsman. For golf, for polo, and for tennis, various parks and courses are laid out. One has to apply that banal term, "exclusive," to Newport, because none other will fit. Newport is just that, often to an exaggerated degree; at least, this is the position taken by the millionaire residents and as frequently opposed by the townspeople who are not always in accord with them. The first element discourages crowds. Since that rambling wooden barrack, the Ocean House, went up in flames more than a generation ago, no large modern hostelry has been built to replace it. A compromise was made five years ago when a fashionable inn of entertainment was opened. Immediately, society adopted it and has practically absorbed it. There are a few large boarding-houses where one can go; other smaller ones—all Catherine Street is filled with them—shelter the moths who simply flutter around the candle from a distance.

Newport is a cosmopolitan place where there are many sets, and the view is broad. It is easy

to be a looker-on, but much depends on eligibility. The Casino is still the gathering-point of all clans, and there society may be studied even by an absolute stranger. Newport motors at all hours of the day. Some people are in smart cars; some are in humble "tin lizzies"; still others take the opportunity to drive in pony carriages and buckboards. Every one is up early.

Some of the society matrons may often be seen doing a little furtive shopping in narrow Thames Street down by the wharves, a most congested thoroughfare, before the sun is many hours high. Sometimes there is a morning reading or a musicale or a charity meeting at one of the cottages. By eleven, Bellevue Avenue near the Casino is crowded with handsome cars and liveries. A well-stocked garage is a necessity at Newport, for a car must always be at hand when it is time for a concert or the morning dip at Bailey's Beach. Then there are the handsomer shops and other points of interest to be visited. The Reading Room, Newport's oldest established club, is crowded with male habitués, while other pleasure-seekers are off for golf or yachting or fishing or any of the numerous sports. There is tennis all the season at the Casino.

The first season of peace will be a wonderful one at Newport. Again the Casino will resume its morning concerts, where every one assembles for a friendly meeting and a chat. Although most of the splendid yachts were given to the Government, there will be another fleet ready when the New York Yacht Club holds its regatta week after the annual cruise in August. In August there will be Tennis Week, the flower and dog-shows, polo, and golf. In the first week of September, the Horse-Show will be among the chief public events. It is, of course, expected that many belated balls and dances will now take place, and, as the stock of debutantes has accumulated, they will be more numerous. There are whispers of visits by distinguished foreigners, perhaps including even royalty.

NARRAGANSETT

Just across the bay and a little way out in the ocean, is the famous Pier. It is like Trouville transplanted to staid Rhode Island. Narragansett is different from Newport and from every other resort, and, again, it is different from Narragansett as it has been popularly painted. It is gay, almost in the French holiday way, but it is not the rollicking, rowdy, unconventional Pier of the newspapers. Here is a cluster of family hotels and a cottage colony to which many Philadelphians and old Southern families belong. The cottagers arrive before the crowds and remain long after their departure. The many hotels have a transient patronage gathered from all over the United States, and the bathing beach is justly famous. It is always crowded and gay.

The Pier is just near enough to Newport to

(Continued on page 81)

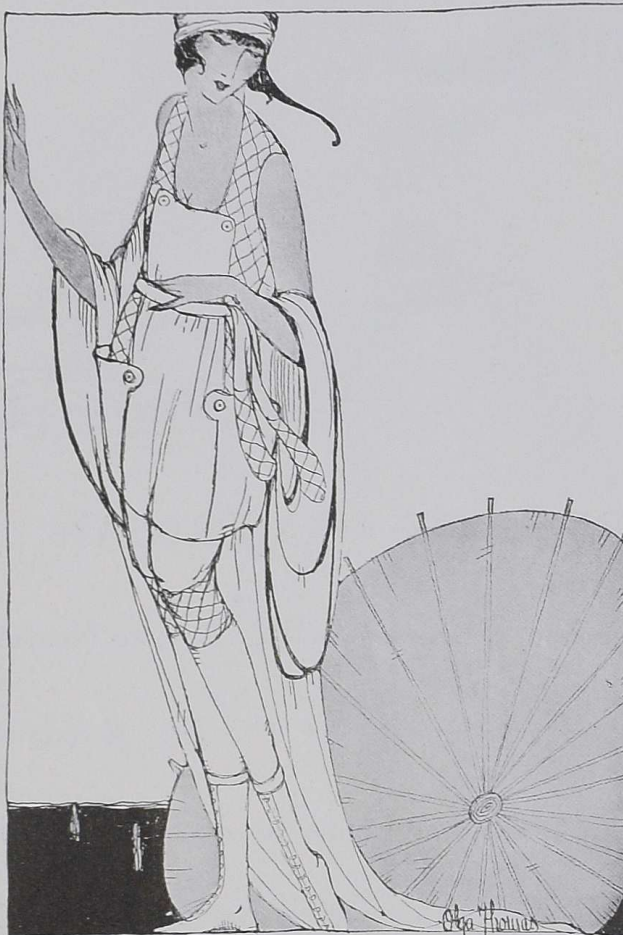
THE EQUIPMENT OF THE SUMMER WEEK-END

WITH the coming of summer, the week-end in the cool freshness of country or seashore becomes the greatest of the joys of living. But to find all the joy there may be in it, one must be properly equipped for week-ending which really requires both luggage and a wardrobe all its own. To begin with the luggage, the first essential is a small steamer-trunk or one of those large bags that take the place of the trunk, and that can be handled by a railway porter or a steward or strapped at the back of the motorist's car. Hats are an immensely important part of the summer wardrobe, and special provision should be made for them. The ideal way to carry hats is to have one of those smart hat-boxes in black leather with tan leather trimmings. There are two compartments in these boxes, and even a small one will carry quite conveniently three large hats, while the tray on top may be used for extra shoes.

FOR SMALL ACCESSORIES

The toilet articles, also, are often accorded a place by themselves. Most convenient for this purpose is the small Victoria case in black pigskin fitted throughout with French ivory, which is pleasantly light to carry. The fittings include all the accessories for the toilet during the week-end. This, however, is not a necessary piece of luggage, as one may have a leather or linen case for one's own bottles and jars and carry them quite successfully and conveniently in the top of the trunk or bag.

After the luggage has been carefully



When the week-end journey ends at some breeze-swept beach, the bathing costume is an essential equipment. It may very smartly be all of black satin, from top to toe, with emerald green stitching deftly applied; from Altman

with a white blouse and a sweater in colour. A white or coloured felt sports hat in the new shaggy camel's hair is suitable for wear with this costume. Stockings should be in white wool marked with colour, or else in a dark colour with white clocks; and with these are worn low shoes in white buckskin or in white buckskin trimmed in black or tan leather. The favourite sweaters of the season are those in delicate colours and very fine weaves in wool or silk.

NOT FORGETTING SPORTS

The wool or silk scarf, though not perhaps a necessity for summer wear, is a pleasant and useful accessory. The smartest are the long ones that run to the knees. This scarf may be in solid colour, light or dark, or it may be trimmed in a harmonizing colour, and the shops offer a wide variety of pleasing colours and patterns, whether in silk or wool.

If one is a horsewoman and will have an opportunity to ride, the week-end wardrobe must not overlook the riding-habit which may be in either a summer material or one of the regulation cloths, according to the climate. To save space, the riding-hat, which is a regulation sailor, may well be worn with the travelling costume or the golf costume.

So great is the favour accorded to sports clothes in these days that their influence must be reckoned with in planning a week-end wardrobe. With the younger set especially, the separate skirt and blouse accompanied by a sweater or the one-piece dress of linen or gingham is worn all day long.



Sports costume is often the all-day costume of week-ends. Plaited oyster white pongee here forms the skirt; over it is a blouse of grey tricolette, wool embroidered. This combination is appropriate for any daytime hour; from Mrs. Dole

selected, then one should consider well the wardrobe which shall best complete the happiness of one's week-end. First of all comes the travelling dress. Whether one travels by motor or in a train, a simple suit of wool jersey or the new rainbow tweed is very smart indeed. It would be difficult to find a suit more practical, durable, and adaptable for summer wear. These materials are of light weight, they do not wrinkle, and it is seldom that they need even be brushed. Such a suit, when worn with a smart tailored blouse, not only serves the purpose of a travelling costume, but may also be worn for walking in the country, golf, and motoring. A simple hat should accompany this suit, a hat of the sailor or sports variety, and low-heeled shoes are the appropriate footwear.

If one does not care for a suit of this type, however, a pleasant alternative is the one-piece dress of jersey or some sports material such as rajah or pongee, over which should be worn a wrap or coat of one of the new materials especially woven for country wear. The new polo cloth in the natural tan shade is very lovely, soft as down and light as a feather, yet with all the warmth of a much heavier material. Veils, also, are an essential part of the week-end outfit; it is well to be supplied with a chiffon veil as well as the light face veil. A veil is extremely necessary to keep the hat on when sailing, yachting, or even on long walks, and it is also used to protect the face from the sun.

Those who play tennis should include a plain separate skirt and blouse of linen or of sports silk. A plaited skirt, if one does not indulge in games, is especially pretty for the country when worn

The summer dance frock should be short, simple, and of not too rich material. Shell pink taffeta, touched with silver embroidery, edged with silver tissue, and lightly veiled with flesh coloured silk net, is ideal; from Bonwit Teller





(Below) Most of all, the happiness of one's week-end trip depends on one's luggage and one's footwear. A week-end case and hat-box are of patent leather finished canvas and strongly reinforced; from Crouch and Fitzgerald. Sports stockings are of heavy, ribbed, white silk or black embroidered white wool. For afternoon and evening wear, they may be of white or black silk with clocks or openwork; from Peck and Peck. Sports oxfords choose between white buckskin (left) and brown calf (right), and an afternoon oxford is of black patent leather; from Martin and Martin. The evening slipper may be the new short vamp model in plain black satin; from Bob



When very formal evening affairs are in prospect, there may be a gown in heavy white charmeuse and cream lace, veiled with black net and girdled with black satin; from Bergdorf Goodman. With it may go an emerald green charmeuse wrap with bands of matching green silk threads; from Kurzman

Week-ends mean motoring, and hence a motor cape, perhaps of worumbo camel's hair lined with tan satin. The indispensable sports suit, which may also do for travelling, may be of golflex rainbow twill, and the wool scarf may be in what colour she will; from Bonwit Teller

It is only when the week-end guest spends an afternoon at a reception, at a wedding, or a most important garden or bridge-party that she gives up her beloved sports clothes for the afternoon gown of organdie, embroidered batiste, lace, or chiffon. With this she wears slippers of suede or kid with stockings to match, and a large garden hat trimmed with garden flowers. If the guest expects to attend church on Sunday, she should take with her an afternoon dress, hat, and slippers.

From Friday to Monday in summer weeks, there are plenty of opportunities to wear evening clothes, that is, summer evening clothes, especially at any big house-party. The dinner or dance dress should be on simplest lines, short and in some material that does not give an elaborate effect, such as taffeta, satin, lace, or net. For more formal



evening wear, there may be a gown of satin or chiffon and lace with a train, and it may even be trimmed with rich embroidery or net. There is little use for a separate evening wrap, for in the country the top-coat is the accepted wrap while motoring from one country place to another. However, if one prefers to carry a special wrap there are the simple wraps of taffeta trimmed with silk threads and lined with chiffon. With these evening frocks are worn simple slippers of satin with rhinestone or jet buckles or, for the very young girl, with no buckles at all and only ribbon bows.



Half the fun of sports—or is it really all the fun?—lies in wearing just the smartest possible type of sports clothes. For instance, the slim lady at the left has appeared in a polo coat of worumbo camel's hair. In this model, it is in the natural camel's-hair colour, and, to top its charm, a chic little motor hat goes travelling with it. Combined of leather and straw this hat may be had in navy and white, dull red and blue, or in two shades of brown. (Middle) White cricket flannel makes this circular skirt for tennis which is worn with the most convenient blouse in the world for tennis or golf

(Middle) Elastic, cleverly arranged, permits movement of the arms without spoiling the very chic effect that results from a straight yoke, back and front, and a sash which ties in the back with short ends. Cool green Roshanara crêpe makes an effective combination with the white skirt. That jaunty person at the right with the tilted chin is devoting herself to animated conversation in a sports suit in a tan and brown heather mixture of golflex adapted either to motoring or to general country wear. With it is worn an unusual hat of cream coloured felt faced becomingly with dark brown straw

SPORTS CLOTHES WITH THE KEYNOTE OF CLEVERNESS IN THEIR DESIGNING

MANAGE TO COMBINE THE MAXIMUM OF COMFORT WITH A SMARTNESS WHICH IS

DUE PARTLY TO GOOD LINES AND PARTLY TO ORIGINALITY OF MATERIALS



A sports costume which is well cut and boyishly plain retains its femininity with the aid of a satisfying colour combination. With a short, straight, navy blue sports jacket of soft English cheviot cut double breasted and with long revers, is worn a straight skirt of cream coloured basket-weave material, hand woven. About the cherry red sailor, a ribbon band to match the coat is caught with a dark blue bone buckle. (Middle) It is a delight to the out-of-doors woman to find a blouse and skirt trim and cool enough for many occasions and ample enough for a backhand stroke at tennis

Imported linen, finely tucked, makes the tailored blouse with plaitings on its collar, and the skirt with buttoned-on pockets is of white cotton gabardine. A jade green hat with a cleverly shaped brim effects stripes by alternating folds of straw and taffeta. (Right) The sports version of the tailored suit in rainbow tweed has a to-be-envied air of mannish smartness and comfort. The skirt, of course, is plainly cut, and the coat has patch pockets, narrow belt, and revers. To accentuate the purplish tone of the material, the little hat of green blue baronette satin is scroll embroidered in purple

MODELS FROM BONWIT TELLER

WHETHER ATHLETIC OR NOT AND WHATEVER MAY BE HER CONCEPTION OF

SPORTS CLOTHES, THE MODISH WOMAN WILL CHOOSE HATS AND SUITS

AND BLOUSES OF THE SMARTNESS THAT IS THE VIRTUE OF PERFECT TAILORING

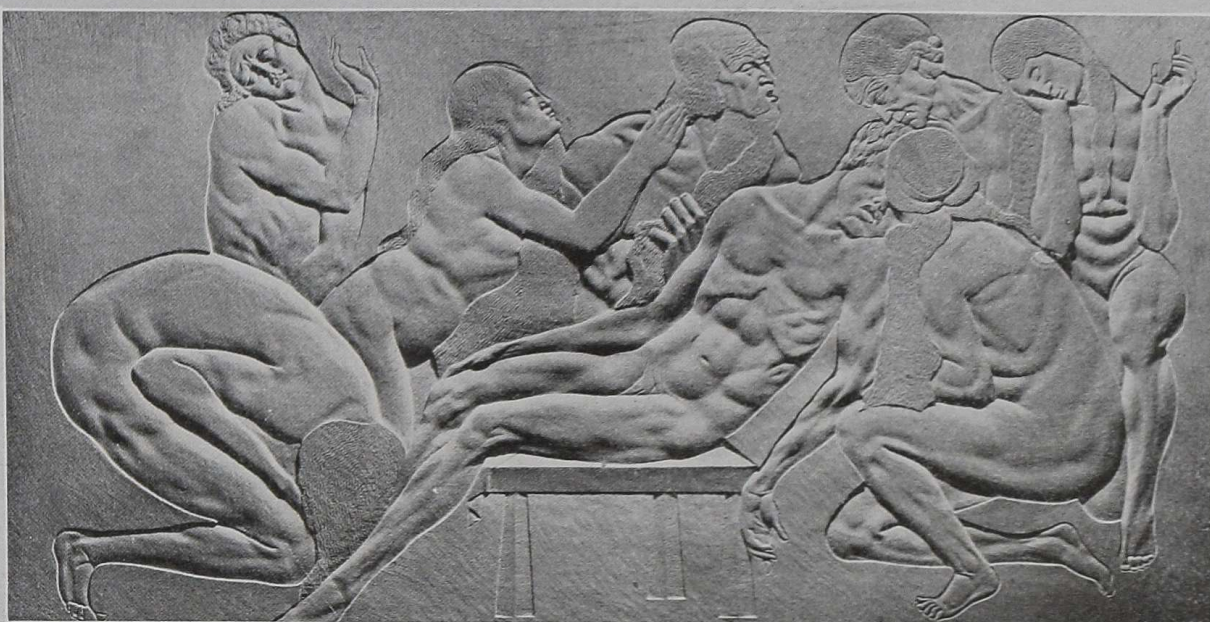


Marcia Silcox

MRS. GEORGE F. BAKER, JUNIOR

Mrs. George F. Baker, junior, made a very lovely "Jeanne d'Arc at Prayer" in this tableau posed by George de Forest Brush. It was one of the series of tableaux that were a feature of the Rainbow Ball on

April 21st at Sherry's. This successful benefit was given for the St. Ambrose Community Centre, an Italian settlement house on the upper East Side, which is sponsored by many prominent New York women



The Dying Soldier, and his Family. A low relief, in marble, by Dujam Penic

The Art of Dujam Penic

A Serbian Sculptor, Now in New York, Who Is Rapidly Coming Into His Own

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

AT the present time, when Slavs of one sort or another are so much in evidence in the metropolis, the case of young Dujam Penic, now a New York sculptor, is particularly interesting. Although he is technically a Serbian, and owing allegiance to that nation, which is emerging from the Great War with bright prospects after years of suffering, he is really a Dalmatian from the neighborhood of Spalato, and so is in a very particular way a neighbor of Ivan Mestrovitz, who is the Poet Laureate in stone of the turbulent Balkans, and who was to have shown his works here a year ago, but could not, on account of the war.

Penic went to Venice when he was seventeen, and stayed in that city of light, legend and romance until he was twenty. There he studied under Ferraroni. On removing to Rome he became a pupil of Mestrovitz, working afterwards with that artist on his big "hero horse" at Agram. He then lived for a while in Vienna, after which he made his headquarters in Florence. Then, true to the traditions of sculptors all the world over, he made his way to Paris, to find out some of the artistic secrets of the French.

IT was there that he discovered the existence of a new loadstone—New York. He found that all sorts of artists were curious about this city. They thought about it with the same sort of curiosity that was displayed by opera singers, musicians, stage people, and, in fact, the whole race of persons of specialized talents. So he decided to make a voyage of exploration on his own account, arriving here just fifteen days before the first gun was fired which was to set the whole world afire.

It was not a good time for a young sculptor to land in America, even if America was doing her best, officially, to show that she had no interest, one way or another, in events that were to concern her very personally later on. Penic, however, got busy. He became an assistant to Jo Davidson, working in his studio until that sculptor was despatched to Europe to do the

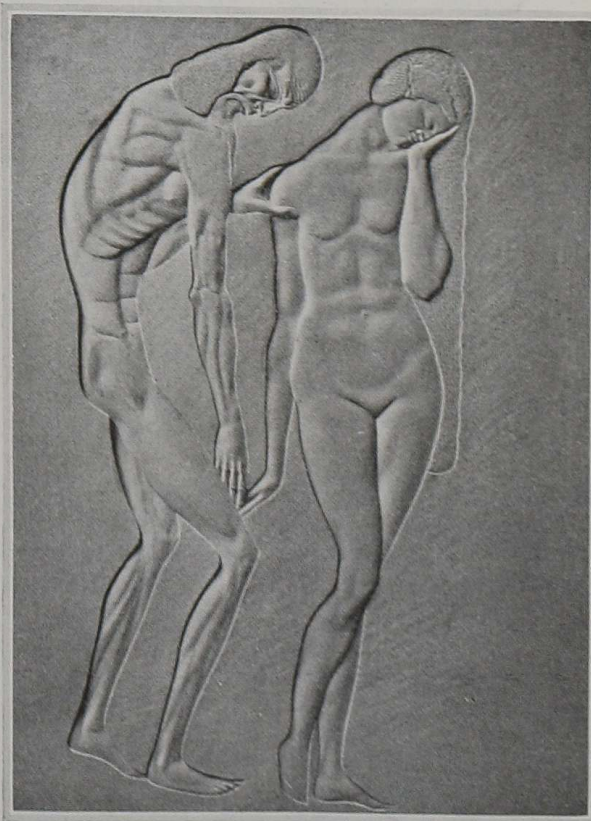
busts of leading chiefs of state, statesmen and generals on which he is at present engaged.

After Davidson went abroad, Penic started on his own hook in his friend's studio in Macdougall Alley. The first things that he showed here were part of an interesting exhibition. He is to have his first one man show in this country early in the Fall, at the Kingore Galleries.

It must not be imagined that Penic's acquaintance with exhibitions only began recently. He showed two portraits at Agram in 1910; the head of a boy in Rome in 1911; another head at Vienna in 1912, and a couple of portraits at a show in Belgrade in 1913.

SO far as his art beliefs are concerned, he considers Mestrovitz as his master, in the sense that he has been more influenced by that sculptor than by any other artist with whom he has come in personal contact. At the same time he is willing to admit that the great masters whose work have appealed to him most are Giotto, Michelangelo and Rodin. It is not surprising that these are also the men who have appealed most to Mestrovitz. But Mestrovitz is perhaps first of all a patriot and, after that, an artist.

Every Slav, like every Irishman, is a natural politician. Penic, when almost a boy, and hardly yet a student, was in the National movement, which has helped to destroy Germany and Turkey. He is a great believer in Trumbich, the Slav leader in Dalmatia, and thinks that there could be nothing more reasonable in the world than that the resurrection of his race should be brought about largely by artists, much as the freedom of Poland has been helped along by an artist—Ignace Paderewski.



The Spirit of Sorrow. A group, in relief, by Dujam Penic



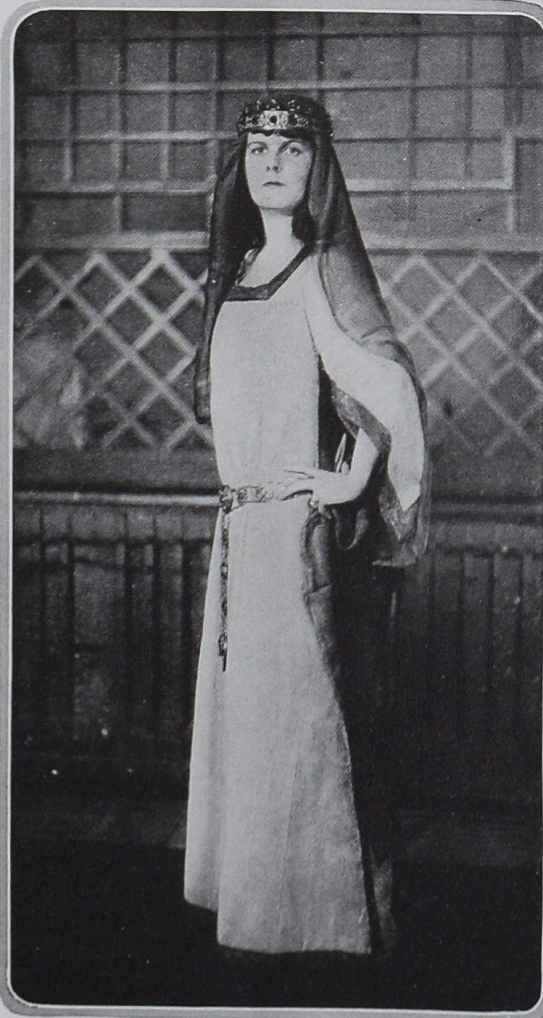
This most majestic and lovely lady wearing the pomp of ermine and a fairy-tale expression, could, of course, be no other than the far-famed Queen of Diamonds who, as Mrs. Stephen Clark in real life, was a member of the ball committee that worked untiringly for the success of the evening

(Middle, above) No, she isn't a bit of a delicate miniature of somebody one longs to have known—happily, she is, instead, Miss Elizabeth Emmet who, in this same series of tableaux, portrayed the Queen of Clubs



That long-ago lady who once made the famous stolen tarts, became in this incarnation at the Rainbow Ball a most effective Queen of Hearts—in other words Mrs. R. Penn Smith who was, before her marriage, Miss Carol Harriman and who is interested in the St. Ambrose Community Centre

(Left) Unless one has no imagination at all, one will recognize the charming Queen of Spades who is known most of the time as Mrs. Courtlandt Nicoll. The tableau was arranged by Mr. Gerome Brush



Marcel Sillcox

THE FAMOUS QUEENS OF THE FOUR

SUITS CAME OUT OF THEIR PACK

TO PLAY AT THE RAINBOW BALL

SOCIETY POSED IN RESPLENDENT

TABLEAUX FOR SWEET CHARITY

AT SHERRY'S ON EASTER MONDAY



Miss Melissa Yuille was one of the seven girls in the Pompeian frieze. This tableau was a classic study in the characteristic shades of red and terra-cotta

In the Pompeian frieze, posed by Mrs. John White Alexander, Miss Margaret Starr was one of the young classic figures



Marcia Silleox



Miss Sheila Byrne was another attractive member of the younger set who helped make the Pompeian frieze one of the loveliest features of the evening

This slender figure, outlined against a dark background, is that of Miss Dorothy Kimball in the Pompeian frieze

The very first thing that happened at the Rainbow Ball was a Japanese print posed by Albert Stetner. Satin kimonos, butterfly bows, and sleek hair made it hard to remember that in real life these Oriental figures become Miss Mary Brush, Mr. Henry Renwick Sedgwick, Miss Isabel Shotter, and Mrs. Luke Thomas. The Rainbow Ball was given at Sherry's on Easter Monday, April twenty-first, under the auspices of the St. Timothy's Alumnae Guild for the benefit of the St. Ambrose Community Centre, an Italian settlement house





Charlotte Fairchild

BLANCHE BATES

In her interpretation of the brilliant and intriguing rôle of Madame de Montespan in "Molière," a Philip Moeller play dealing with the period of Louis XIV, Blanche Bates scored a distinct triumph. The whole performance touched a notably high level of acting, as Henry

Miller, who was also the producer, played the title rôle of the French dramatist, Estelle Winwood took the part of Armande Béjart, the wife of Molière, and Holbrook Blinn was "Le Grand Monarque." The play will have a summer season in California before its welcome return

SEEN on the STAGE

THERE is little reason to be proud of the theatre season which faded to a quiet close at the outset of the month of May. Seldom, in a single year, have so few plays of genuine artistic merit been presented in New York; and the nine months from August to April, inclusive, contained many weary weeks for those habitual frequenters of the theatre who forever seek adventures among masterpieces.

POVERTY OF AMERICAN DRAMA

The few plays that showed any pretension to serious consideration were all of foreign authorship; and this fact was disappointing to critics who had hoped that our native drama might be stimulated by our recent national awakening. By the time this article appears in print, the report of the committee appointed by the American Academy of Arts and Letters to award the Pulitzer Prize of one thousand dollars to the best play of American life by an American author produced commercially in New York City during the course of the calendar year 1918 will no longer be a secret. The published report will state that the committee, voting unanimously, decided to withhold the prize for 1918, because none of the American plays presented to the public of New York within the stated period seemed fully worthy of the honour of receiving it. The Pulitzer Prize for 1917, as many readers will remember, was accorded to "Why Marry?," by Jesse Lynch Williams; and, in the opinion of the appointed judges, no American play that has subsequently been produced has

The End of a Season of Many Offerings Neither
Original nor Profound Leaves the Laurels to
The Little Theatres and to Foreign Dramatists

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Maurice Goldberg

Whether it's just because of the whimsical ways and light trappings and gay songs of Peggy O'Neil, or, too, because it inherited all the hilarity of "Seven Days," its joyful original—"Tumble-In"—is running along so musically and merrily that it may survive the hot weather

(Left) When "I Love You," William Le Baron's new farce, made its appearance, it was a pleasure to greet again a cherished acquaintance of season before last in Miss Diantha Pattison, who played the rôle of young and unsophisticated loveliness in the English play, "Our Betters"

Even if one doesn't forgive Adèle Rowland for deserting New York during her recent appearance in vaudeville, one may welcome her back again as the brightest spot in a new summer comedy, "The Lady in Red"

measured up to the standard established by this admirable comedy. In respect to the production of worthy American plays, the first half of 1919 has been just as barren as the second half of 1918.

In the individual opinion of the present writer, the best American play of the recent season was "Tea for Three," by Roi Cooper Megrue; but this clever comedy was admittedly derived from an Austrian original. "Molière," by Philip Moeller, was a worthy composition; it was both dignified and literary; but it did not rise above the ordinary level of theatrical romance. "Be Calm, Camilla," by Clare Kummer, though original in humour and rich in charm, was much too slight in substance; and a similar deficiency in subject-matter must be charged against the two pleasant and successful comedies by Rachel Crothers, "The Little Journey" and "39 East."

AMERICAN PLAYS

The American plays that enjoyed the longest runs throughout the recent season were, for the most part, inconsiderable from the standpoint of serious dramatic criticism. Winchell Smith, for instance, merely repeated the exhibition of his remarkable ability for pleasing the public by rehashing old materials that have frequently been served up in the past. The success of "Lightnin'," which was written by Mr. Smith in collaboration with Frank Bacon, and the success of "Three Wise Fools," which was written by Austin Strong and produced by Mr. Smith, was due, in each

(Continued on page 79)



Victor Georg



Maurice Goldberg



BARON DE MEYER

Annette Bade is one of the pivotal points in the Midnight Whirl, on the roof of the Century Theatre. She is taking the place of Molly King, thus releasing Miss King for active service in the very front ranks of the movies



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Evan Burrows Fontaine fills in her evenings by dancing in the Nine O'Clock Frolic, on the New Amsterdam Roof. After midnight, just by way of starting the new day right, she appears in two of her eastern dances in the Midnight Frolic



ARNOLD GENTHE

Helen Herendeen is rapidly becoming one of the most popular of our after-theatre performers. Her dancing adds much to the general good of the community at the Palais Royal, where she has been appearing with great success all season

Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson—who are Mr. and Mrs. Hyson when they're at home—first dance in "The Royal Vagabond," at the Cohan and Harris Theatre, and then wile away the rest of the evening by acting as host and hostess in the supper room of the Biltmore Hotel

BARON DE MEYER

When You Come to the End of a Perfect Night

Don't Call It a Day, but Go to See Some of the Dancers Who Enliven the Midnight Hours

Sem Benelli, Author of "The Jest"

55

How, in Three of His Successful Historical Dramas, He Develops the Same Racial Theory

By NORVAL RICHARDSON

NOW that Sem Benelli has at last been heard by Americans in the English tongue, in Mr. Hopkins' production of "The Jest," the question naturally arises: Will they understand the very subtle race question involved in his dramas? Will they see the tradition and history that go to make up the characters in his plays? Will they grasp the fact that he is showing, not alone in words, but in actions, the effect of ten centuries of Teuton contact with the Italian?

One is inclined to believe that Benelli will be as difficult of complete understanding to the average American as the question of Italy's insistence upon Fiume has been to the Peace Congress—for he is one of the most subtle authors in his insistence upon racial characteristics and the influences which have built and created and molded those characteristics until they have become what is, to-day, modern Italy. Benelli is one of that small group of young Italians that may best be described as *Italianissimi*.

BENELLI'S origin in a way recalls that of St. Francis. He was the son of a draper, a cloth merchant, living near Florence. But he had a good college education, showed his genius early, and, before thirty, produced a play which made him at once the rival of d'Annunzio—"La Maschera di Bruto." Then followed, a few years later, "La Cena delle Beffe" ("The Jest") with its première at Rome, and a success which has been acknowledged all over Europe. After this came "L'Amore dei Tre Rei," and, last of all, "La Nozze dei Centauri."

In reading, or seeing, these four dramas one cannot but feel Benelli's obsession—the influence, forced and tyrannical, of the Teuton upon the Latin; one sees also the Latin's resistance to the invading power of the Teuton; a strange, crafty, hopeless and yet hopeful resistance, which brings into play all the intellectual development that Roman imperial days left upon Italians, and which becomes a bulwark against the advances of the savage hordes of the north.

Brute force conquers the body, but it cannot win victory over the mind; yet the mind, chained in the body, develops in a new direction. If physical force is lacking, craft and cunning must take its place; intellect must seek a way to free itself. Here, in three words, is the story not only of "L'Amore dei Tre Rei"

type from the Teuton, to the north, Gianetto a perfected type from the Latin, to the south.

It is a combat between body, or physical strength without mind, and mind, without physical strength—and mind conquers body. Yet, Benelli never forgets that mere physical strength invariably creates in the weaker man a curious mixture of hate and adoration.

MADAME BERNHARDT seized this last suggestion in her interpretation of the rôle of Gianetto, the rôle now played in English by John Barrymore, and formerly played here, in Italian, by that noble actress,—almost as great in her way as the wonder-inspiring Bernhardt,—Mimi Aguglia. Bernhardt, indeed, even accentuated the suggestion. She stressed the lines describing Neri's strength; her enthusiasm became voluptuousness. When, as a man, she leaned against the pillar to which Neri had been bound, she thrilled with the warmth which had been left there from his body. Her interpretation gave one the haunting suggestion that perhaps Benelli had meant something else in the relations between Gianetto and Neri than a superficial reading of the lines would convey.

WE have a slight feeling of resentment against the American producer, for his deliberate over-accenting of the great crises of the play. The effect of the culminating tragedy is utterly lost by trying to explain to the audience what has happened. Surely any audience would know—after Neri had been told that he has killed his brother, and returns from the room where he has looked at him—that his already tortured brain

would snap under the strain. Why drag out the scene with strange mutterings from Neri and elaborate explanations from Gianetto? In Italy the scene takes barely one minute. Neri enters from the death chamber, laughing hysterically, unmistakably a madman, crosses before Gianetto and goes out. That is all—and it is quite enough. In the American version, the scene is stretched beyond the limit of endurance.



John Barrymore has achieved the most signal artistic success of his career in "La Cena delle Beffe," Sem Benelli's drama of the Italian Renaissance, produced here under the title of "The Jest"

but of Benelli's other plays, "La Nozze dei Centauri" and of "The Jest" as well.

In the first two the woman combats the barbarian, Fiora deceives Manfredo; and Stefania conquers—spiritually—Otto; while, in "The Jest" Gianetto drives Neri mad.

And in none of these plays are the Teuton and the Latin so contrastingly drawn as in "The Jest"; for Neri is frankly a perfected

Mrs. Fiske—Still an Idol on Our Stage

And the Chief Reason for Her Long Continued Popularity

By JAMES L. FORD

A FEW nights ago I saw "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," a comedy which was, literally, carried on the shoulders of an actress so successful, so distinguished and so widely known and honored that it is not an ungracious task to count the years that she has spent in the service of the American public.

So, even with the knowledge in mind of our American proneness to idealize immature youth and to sneer at ripened theatric art, I feel that I am paying a tribute to Mrs. Fiske when I relate that as I watched her delightful performance the other night, my memory carried me back to another night, thirty-seven years ago, when from my seat in the Park Theatre I saw her as Minnie Maddern take the first important step in her career.

Of honored theatrical lineage, Mrs. Fiske's early years were spent in learning how to act, and it was no unfledged amateur who came skipping down the stage that night so long ago, in short skirts and poke bonnet, to be greeted by the applause of an audience made up largely of friendly professionals.

I AM speaking quite truthfully when I say that I went home that night confident that I had assisted at the debut of a young woman destined, by the Fates, for a long and distinguished career on our stage. And the same promptings of truth compel me to add that my judgment was not born of experience and knowledge, but was merely the effervescence of youth easily deceived by the cordial plaudits, and that, in my narrow vision, Minnie Maddern was to continue skipping along the road to fame dressed in short skirts and a poke sunbonnet, much as if she had been a younger and nimbler Lotta. And I am quite sure that not one of that welcoming host could have foreseen another night, fifteen years later, when, in Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Minnie Maddern Fiske came, artistically, into her own and, in a single performance, established herself on the American stage as an emotional actress of rare and compelling power. But she did much more than that, for, in surrounding herself with a company of skilled players she struck the keynote of the generous policy that she has consistently followed ever since—a policy that has contributed very largely to her success and set her apart from the great majority of her rivals and contemporaries.

It should be remembered that Mrs. Fiske's novitiate was served at a time when the star system was at its worst and when our native playwrights were little more than dramatic tailors, called in to "fit" a player with a vehicle for the display of the many tricks and mannerisms that it is customary to group under the heading of what is still called "personality."

The custom of this cutter and fitter depended on his skill in providing the star with plenty of good things for her to say and do and on preventing the other actors from amusing or otherwise pleasing the audience.

Even such great players as Booth and Jefferson paid but small heed to their supporting companies; and it was not until Henry Irving's magnificent productions raised the whole standard of dramatic representation in this country that the public began to demand a competent ensemble—such as Mrs. Fiske has always tried to give them.

IT would amaze them to learn that the weeks of rehearsal, which should have been spent in

"commercial." The trouble with it is that it is not commercial enough to understand the importance of giving the public full value for its money.

It is not my purpose to discuss here either the "personality," the "technique," the "mannerisms" or the "limitations" that have made the art of Mrs. Fiske a fecund and engrossing topic for owlsh reviewers of limited vision. I prefer to treat of another quality, but vaguely comprehended by the play-going public, though

it is well known to every member of the dramatic profession—a quality that, more than all the rest, has made her after thirty-seven years of stardom, one of the most conspicuous and popular artists on the American stage. Of what other star can this be said?

I can name inferior players who have sought to filch some of her well-earned popularity by careful copying of her so-called "mannerisms," but not one of these simians has ever been known to copy the artistic conscience that compels Mrs. Fiske to consider a representation, in its entirety, as a means of public diversion, instead of a mere vehicle for her own vanity.

MANY a star employs players of recognized talents, and even, with assumed generosity, "features" them, by photograph and paragraph, but Mrs. Fiske not only pays them their salaries but encourages them always to improve their hold with the public.

Of the many plays in which Mrs. Fiske has appeared since she first tripped down to the footlights in her short skirts and sunbonnet, the one that made the deepest impression on me was "Leah Kleshna," with George Arliss, John Mason, Charles Cartwright and William B. Mack in the supporting company. And each one of the four gave a finished and unforgettable performance. It was a cast calculated to dismay the average star, bred in the idiotic creed that no one in the company should be permitted to "take the stage away from her" or, in

other words, to add to the interest of the drama. And yet, Mrs. Fiske shone all the more brilliantly in the title rôle because her efforts were seconded by so many accomplished artists.

And it is a matter of history that during the rehearsing of "Leah Kleshna" Mrs. Fiske voluntarily gave a "curtain" which had, of course, been written for her, to Mr. Mack, for the unheard of reason that the change would benefit the representation. I regard this episode as one of the most important landmarks in the development of our national drama.

To sum up my case in favor of the perfect ensemble which is Mrs. Fiske's constant aim, I would recommend budding stars whose privilege I trust it will be to play before audiences more critical and enlightened than those of today, to permit their consideration of a play, when it is offered to them, to go beyond the stellar part and to do their best to make the other parts as interesting as possible.



A heretofore unpublished photograph of Mrs. Fiske, made while she was appearing in her notable repertoire of Ibsen dramas

making the entire representation as nearly perfect as possible, have been devoted to the idiotic work of imparting to it all the dullness that stellar ingenuity and vanity can suggest; that the ingénue has been taught to play the scenes in which she appears with the star, with her back to the audience; that the comedian's rôle has been ruthlessly cut down for fear he will make the audience laugh; and that the star, after appropriating to herself all the good lines in the minor parts has not been ashamed to say to the company: "The public pays to see me; not you."

In no business save the difficult one of amusing the public is an employee reprimanded for trying to earn his wage. No merchant was ever known to discharge a salesman for selling too many goods or to promote another for falling asleep behind the stove!

It is claimed by persons not over wise in the precise meaning of words that our stage is too



Elsie Ferguson—*Rus in Urbe*

This midsummer, country-farm sort of picture was, in reality, posed during a howling March snowstorm in the New York studio of the Famous Players



PEREYER

Josephine MacLean, as "Pandora"

Miss MacLean has been establishing a national reputation for herself as the chief dancer in the Marion Morgan Company

A R T

By MARION E. FENTON

TO the surprise of their friends—and even somewhat to their own surprise, if one may judge by the hasty execution of some of the canvases which appeared there—the National Association of Portrait Painters held in May their usual spring exhibition. The new and well-planned galleries of Henry Reinhardt afforded an excellent setting for a group of thirty-eight portraits among which were some of exceptional interest. It had been quite definitely understood that the Portrait Painters would follow the lead of the Architectural League and omit their exhibition for this season, but the marked increase in interest in art matters which followed the armistice and has made the late season so unusual this year, led to a change of heart, which the quality of the exhibition justifies.

Not all these canvases were new, and some of them were so very new as to seem hardly finished, but on the whole, dull works were few and the collection was both decorative and animated. To a portrait of Ruth St. Denis in her "Peacock Dance," Robert Henri gave a brilliance and vigour—or was it just size?—which won for it the place of honour. The execution of this work, however, is hasty, almost brutal, and not all its high colour or dashing sweep of line can atone for its lack of real beauty and refinement of technique.

Pleasing, though something less spontaneous than his best, was De Witt Lockman's "Woman in Blue" with a delicate colour plan of steel blue and pale yellow, accented with coral. Philip Hale showed a portrait of a woman painted with his characteristic finished technique and sensitive perception of beauty, and Eugene Speicher's "Russian Woman" was strong and firmly modelled.

Among the good things which have come to us through the war must be numbered the exhibition of Venetian Decorative Arts which was on view at the Silo Galleries. This collection included both rare antiques and modern works produced by the Venetian artists and craftsmen under war conditions. A wide variety of crafts, from the building of furniture and the working of wrought iron to lace making were included.

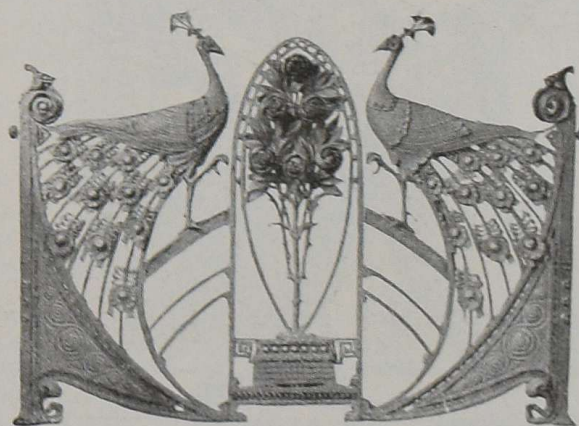


George Brayton

Philip Hale, an artist possessed of a refinement of technique and a vision of beauty all too rare in these modern days, contributed a delightful portrait study to the recent exhibition of the National Association of Portrait Painters at the Reinhardt Galleries



William McKillop



Among the beautiful Italian works on view in May at the Silo Galleries was this finely designed peacock gate in wrought iron and enamel, the work of Alberto Calligaris of Udine

A sombre yet striking portrait, broadly and firmly painted, was the "Russian Woman" by Eugene Speicher, which formed part of the Portrait Painters' Exhibition



No cabaret is complete without her! She is the girl in the military finale, where everybody comes out waving flags and shouting "Vive la France." She wears a red jacket, white tights, pearl earrings, and a drum major's head-dress. The general impression is that she is supposed to represent Belgium.



If you have ever been in a cabaret, you have surely met this great *artiste*. She is always billed as "That Different Girl." She appears in an 1830 costume, and invariably sings about "When Grandma Was a Girl," pointing out that in those days there were no subways, Bolsheviks, tight skirts, tall buildings, or Ford cars.

Sketches by
Dorothy Ferriss

A quiet, restful corner in any New York cabaret, any evening after 11:30. The famous quartette is rendering their snappiest selection, the orchestra is performing a jazz specialty, the vocal artists are working in a little close harmony, eighty-two couples are dancing in five square feet of floor space, and the people are taking advantage of the restful quiet to indulge in many confidential little chats.



One of those aesthetic little dances in which the gentleman seems to be trying unsuccessfully to throw his partner away. There is always a pleasing element of danger for the cabaret patrons, in an act like this—the guests at the ringside tables never know at just what moment the lady is going to alight in their chicken à la king.



Above the crash of dishes, the blare of the jazz, the thunder of the drums, sounds the voice of the soprano, sweet as the whistles of New Year's Eve. She tells us that the Spring is coming, because she has inside information from the swallows.



How could they ever call it an evening, if the festivities didn't include at least one Oriental dancer? The lady in question wears a nice, warm costume, made of a fragment of mother's bead portière. Her Eastern dances are particularly realistic, but it's no wonder. She herself is a native of the Far East—Far East Fourteenth Street.

The Night Life of a Great City

THE transients—those sterling people who come to New York every Spring, during convention time, for their brief annual orgy—say that they simply don't see how the natives stand the strain. The visitors stagger from one cabaret to another, every evening of their ten days' stay, and then go back to Battle Creek, completely exhausted, to rest up till the next year. They just can't

understand how the inhabitants of New York keep up the pace, and still live. But the curious part of it is that New Yorkers thrive on that sort of thing! It does them good. They haunt the cabarets, never calling it a day until 2 A. M. every morning in the week, and they never felt better in their lives. After July first, they will all have to gather their wild Jack Roses where they may.

Have You Tried These New Memory Courses?

Here Is the Story of How I Doubled My Salary in One Evening

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

FIVE weeks ago I had such a bad memory that my friends all called me "Bad Memory Joe". There was practically nothing too important for me to forget. I would even forget how forgetful I was, and make dates which I should have remembered that I could never remember to keep. It was terrible.

I began to go down hill. Black spots would appear before my eyes, and then they would disappear and other black spots would take their place. My friends shunned me. Time and again I was on the point of calling up the doctor, but I could never remember his telephone number.

Then, one night, as I lay in bed trying to remember something (it didn't matter what, so long as I could remember it), I saw a great light. It flashed upon me like a dream. I leaped out of bed with a bound, and, landing on the toy train which my baby boy had left there the night before, I leaped back into bed again. But in that short fraction of a second, I had decided to take the step which was to mean so much in my life. I had decided to send for Prof. Womble's Memory Course (ten lessons in the privacy of your own room).

Well, I sent for the course—and studied it.

The effect was electrifying. Before I had read the first four paragraphs of the first lesson I was summoned to the telephone to answer a call from my office. At the conclusion of the conversation, I called my wife to me.

"Olga," I said, my voice quivering with emotion, "Olga, here is an extra fifty cents on this week's allowance. Mr. Golightly, my employer (as you know), has just called me up and told me that my salary has been raised fifty per cent. We can now afford that extra tire on our runabout."

And, at the moment when I closed the book containing the third lesson, I received a telegram saying that I had been elected Vice-President and General Manager of the company. This was too much. I kissed my wife and gave her another fifty cents.

To-day I am getting a salary of \$150,000 a year—and extras. Five weeks ago I was getting \$14 a week. And yet I do not consider myself any brighter than any other man. What I have done, you can do. Perhaps you would like to hear just how Professor Womble's Memory Course gave me the self-confidence that I now have. Whether you would like to hear it or not, you are going to.

The Secret for Remembering Names

LET us take, for instance, the matter of remembering names. Before taking this course I was utterly unable to connect names with faces, or vice versa. And, as the two almost always go together, it will be seen that I was not very well equipped for social congress. I have been known, while acting as an usher at a reception of honor, to be obliged to ask both the guest and the hostess what their names were, before I could perform the ceremony of introducing them to each other. This, of course, was *gauche* of me, and I felt it keenly.

But now, after studying the lesson on How to Remember Names and Faces, I am practically a new man. All I have to do is this:

Every day, before I leave my house, I memorize

the names of sixty familiar household or barn-yard objects, making a mental picture of each one as I impress its name on the delicate surface of my brain. You have no idea how delicate and impressionable the surface of your brain is until you have taken this course. It makes one go hot and cold all over to think of the collection of scandalous impressions that must have accumulated there after thirty years of knocking about New York,—or Bangor, for that matter.

Thus, as I leave my front-door, I am muttering to myself: "Hen, bran-mash, sofa, silo, what-not, doggie, gas-stove-lighter, antimacassar, souvenir-ash-tray, camel, cat, percolator, egg-shell, etc., etc." And, as I say each name, I shut my eyes and picture it in my mind's eye. I sometimes fall down the front steps while walking thus with my eyes shut, but I certainly do visualize those hens and souvenir-ash-trays.

The Way the System Works

BY the time I reach my office, I have the sixty names of household and barn-yard objects pretty fairly well visualized. Then I tuck them away in a corner of my brain that has nothing in particular to do just at that moment, and wait for something to turn up.

Soon a customer of the firm comes in, bringing with him a friend from Tacoma who is interested in our little proposition with the North Star Smelting & Smelting Company. The friend is introduced as Mr. Conchman. He has a blonde, disorganized beard, of which I make immediate mental note. Then, just to make sure of myself and ostensibly to start the conversation pleasantly, I say:

"What was the name again, please? I didn't quite get it."

The repetition of the name gives me time to go through the following mental process, establishing a train of associations between this man and my list of barn-yard objects:

The man's beard is blonde and sparse. It might be said (if one were very anxious to say it) that it resembles ensilage. Ensilage is found in a *silo*, and *silo*, you will remember, is one of the list of sixty mystic words I memorized this morning. It was, in fact, fourth in the list. Next to it came *what-not*. Now, let us review the objects that are usually found on a *what-not*. There may be a hand-painted china shepardess, a mother-of-pearl paper-cutter bearing a picture of a ferris-wheel and the legend "Greetings from the Centenary", a sweet-grass miniature demijohn, a conch-shell,—that's it,—a *conch-shell*, and the man's name is Conchman!

While you are evolving this train of associations, you can be shaking his hand up and down, unless the mental process should be too complicated, in which case you could motion him to be seated and give him a post-card album to look at until you got his name indelibly fixed on the delicate surface of your brain.

Then, when Mr. Conchman's business is transacted, he goes out and I go on with my work.

Let us say that it is seven years later, and that I meet him in a hotel in Mobile, Ala. Approaching me with a smile, he says:

"I don't suppose you remember me, do you?" Quick as a wink I am on my feet.

"Why, of course, I remember you!" I say, delightedly, holding him off at arm's length in order to get a better perspective of all his characteristics. "Your beard reminds me of ensilage. Ensilage, ensilage, *silo, silo*, the fourth word in my list, the fifth of which is *what-not*. You're something that goes on a *what-not*. Yes, you are, you old rascal, don't deny it. *What-not*. Hand-painted china-shepardess? No . . . mother-of-pearl paper-cutter? No . . . sweet-grass demijohn? It isn't Mr. Demi-john, is it? No, no, of course not. . . . Wait, I've got it! It's Mr. Conch-shell! That's it, Conch-shell, or rather Conchman. How are you, Mr. Conchman? I remember you perfectly."

Sometimes, the man has gone before I can complete my train of associations, but usually I can hold his interest until I reach the end. And then I disclose to him that the secret of my remarkable memory is nothing more or less than Dr. Womble's Memory Course (ten lessons in the privacy of your own room).

This, of course, is just one branch of the course. Before I had finished reading lesson number eight I could remember numbers and dates with the same facility. This is done by somewhat the same method, only the numbers are personified and made to talk and act like human beings. There being only one hundred numbers that are used in ordinary combinations, one has to visualize only one hundred little men and women, doing one hundred different things. If, for instance, I want to remember that my watch number is 18,648,590 (just why anyone should ever want to remember his watch number is not clear, but it seems to be the thing to do, according to all diaries) I make the following little picture in my mind:

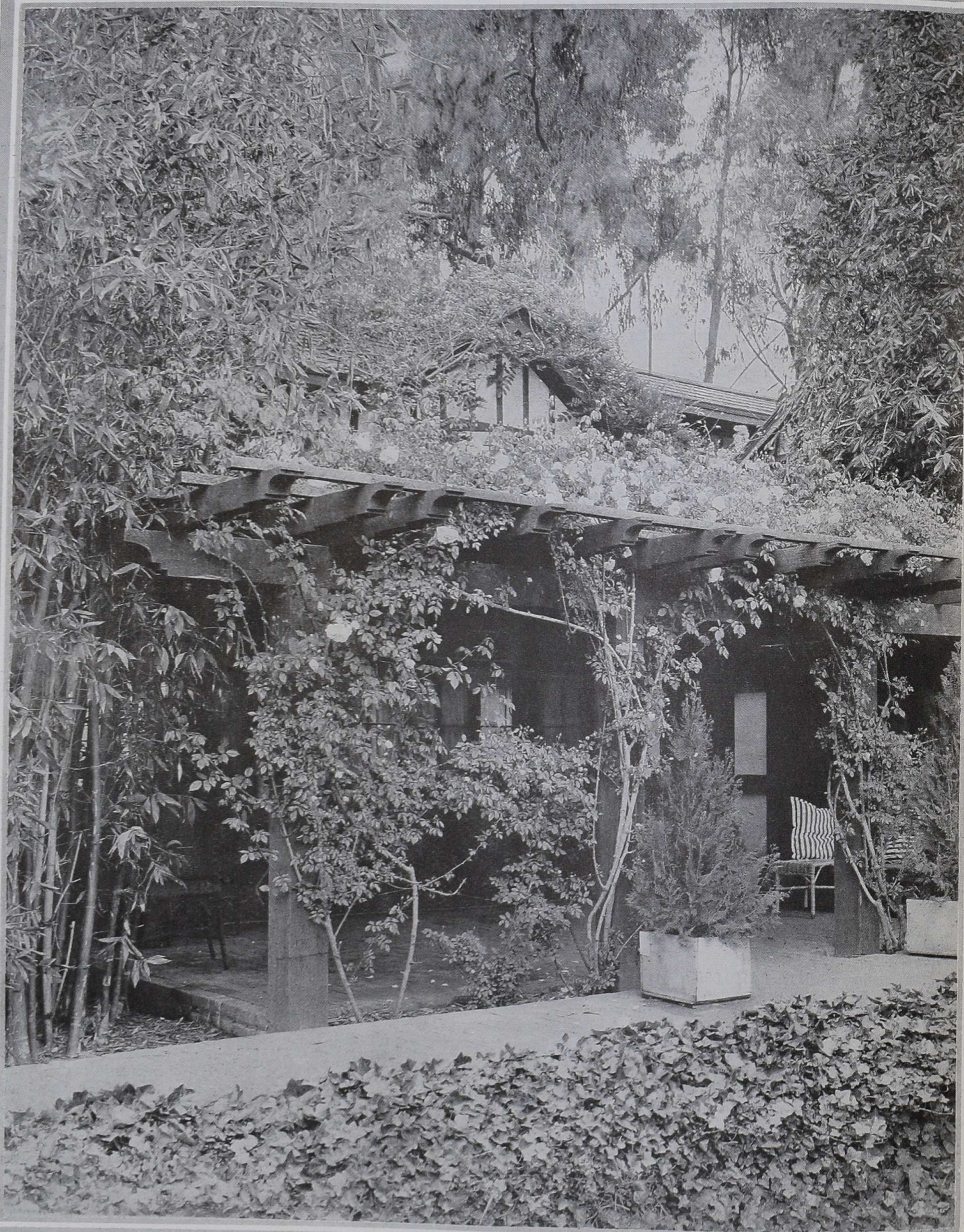
A fat little man wearing a suit of armor, piling three little Czecho-Slovaks into a basket of laundry which is being carried by a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and one of the Isadora Duncan dancers. You see the principle of the thing? It is so simple as to be almost ludicrous, or perhaps, so ludicrous as to be almost simple.

Inspiration for Table Talk

THUS, in an ordinary conversation, I am able to supply interesting side-lights on the topics under discussion, which completely baffle the other parties to the affair. Let us say that I am attending a dinner-party. Turning to the lady on my right I say:

"Would you mind passing the salt, please? Salt is perhaps the chief product of Salzburg, Austria (latitude 45° 30"—longitude 10° 45") the mines in that district having produced, in the month of August, 1915, 12,000 tons of this precious saline formation. It has been estimated that no less than 120,000 people are given employment by this industry, and one pound of salt, in the bean, contains 4,500,000,000 grains, or as many grains as there were dollars in the Victory Loan."

I have acquired quite a reputation as a dinner-guest in this manner, and I can truthfully say that whatever I am, in a business or social way, I owe to Dr. Womble's Memory Course. What I have done, others can do.

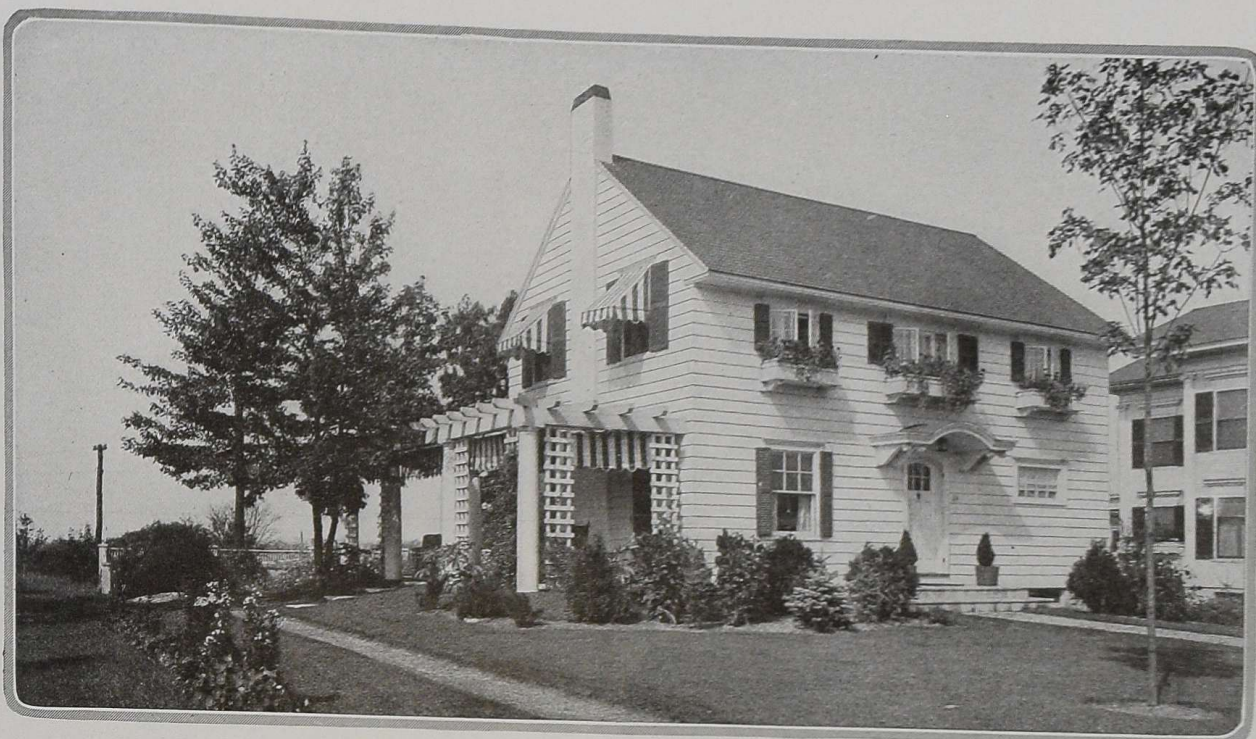


Frances Benjamin Johnston

THE REVIVED IDEA OF HOME

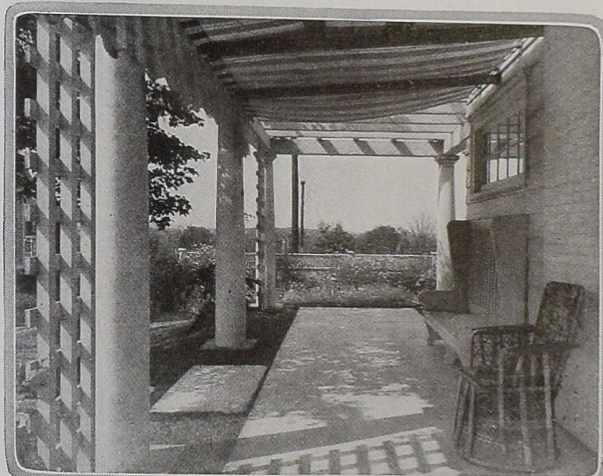
During the war the old idea of home was revived. It ceased being the sort of place where you can go when you can't go anywhere else and once more was the place where men would rather be than anywhere else. Home didn't mean a palace in a park but a cottage so covered with roses that you couldn't see the house.

To millions home just meant that—a small house, a low-lying heaven of comfortable rooms and cheery hearths, with flowers growing around the grounds. All of which thoughts are crowding out the fact that this picture shows a view of "Inellan," home of Mrs. Walter Douglas, at Montecito, Santa Barbara, Cal.



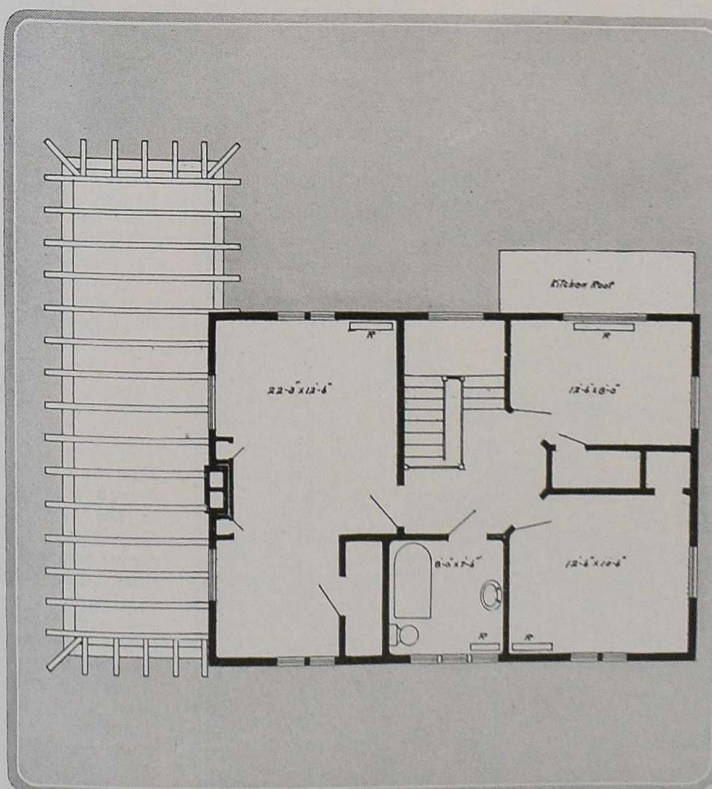
One end of the house terminates in a pergola-roofed porch

Shingled walls and broad eaves give interesting effects of line

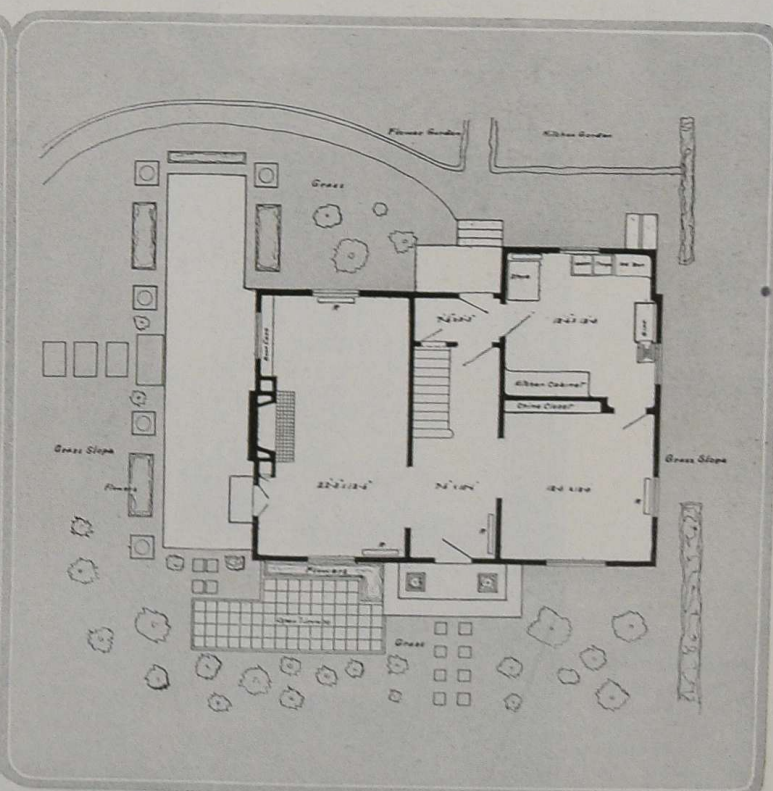


The architecture follows the lines of a New England farmhouse

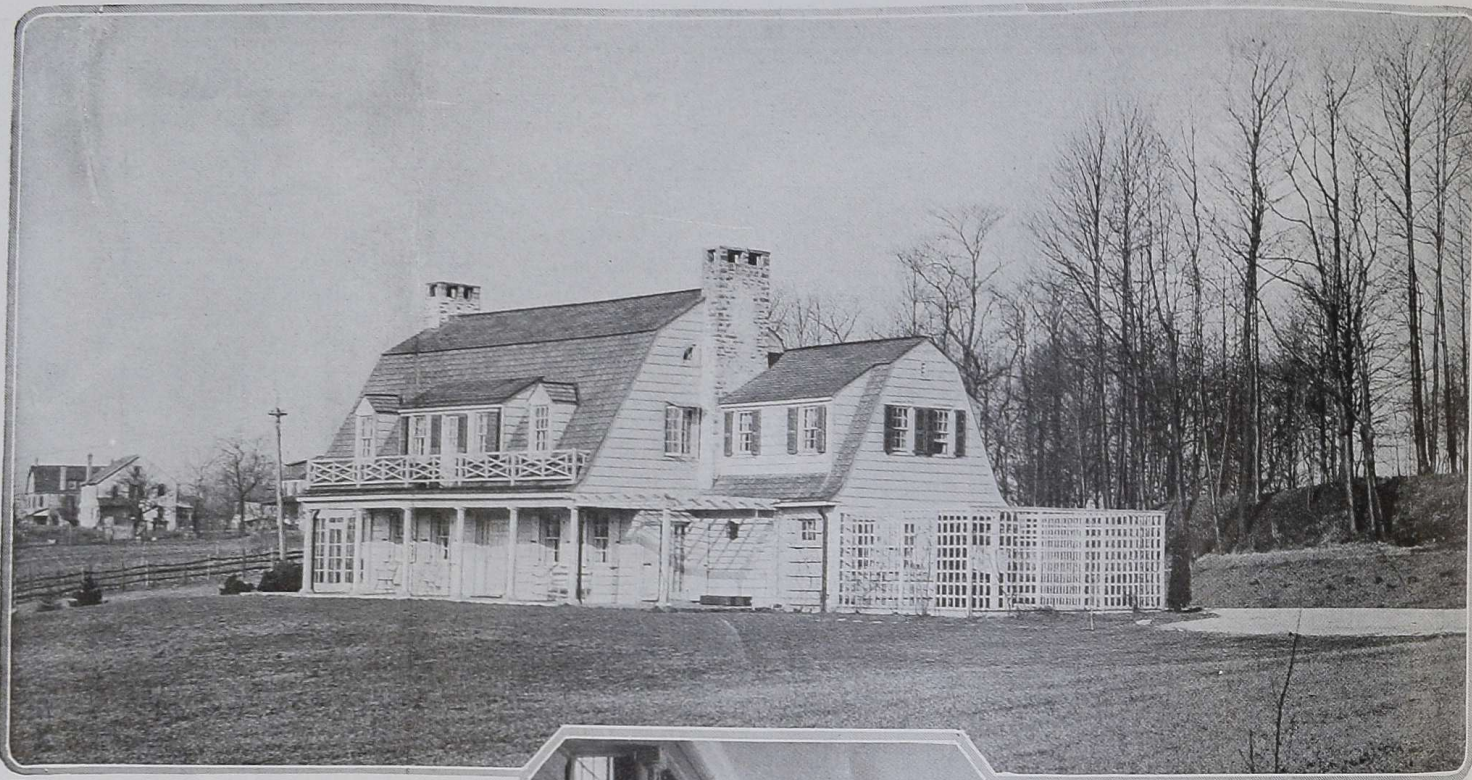
A SMALL HOUSE for THREE



Upstairs there are, in addition to the master's suite of bedroom and dressing alcove, two chambers and a bath. It is a house designed for a family of three

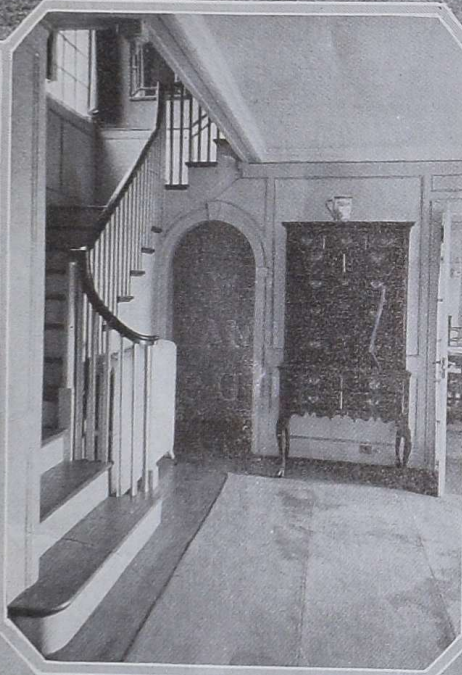


The downstairs plan shows a house-depth hall and wide living room, with good-sized dining room and kitchen, after the Colonial plan. Harry W. Knowlton, architect



Wallace

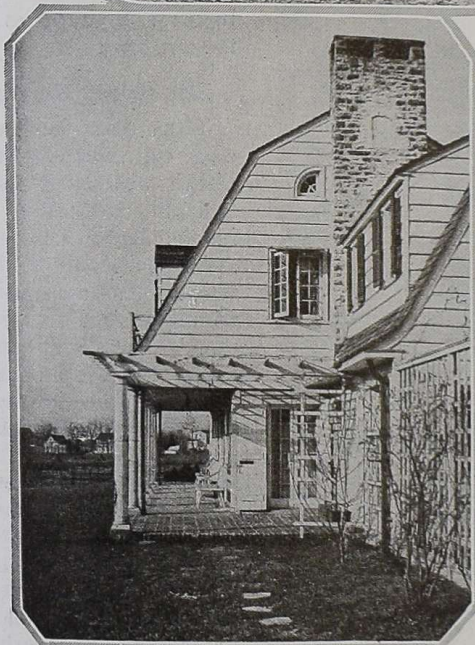
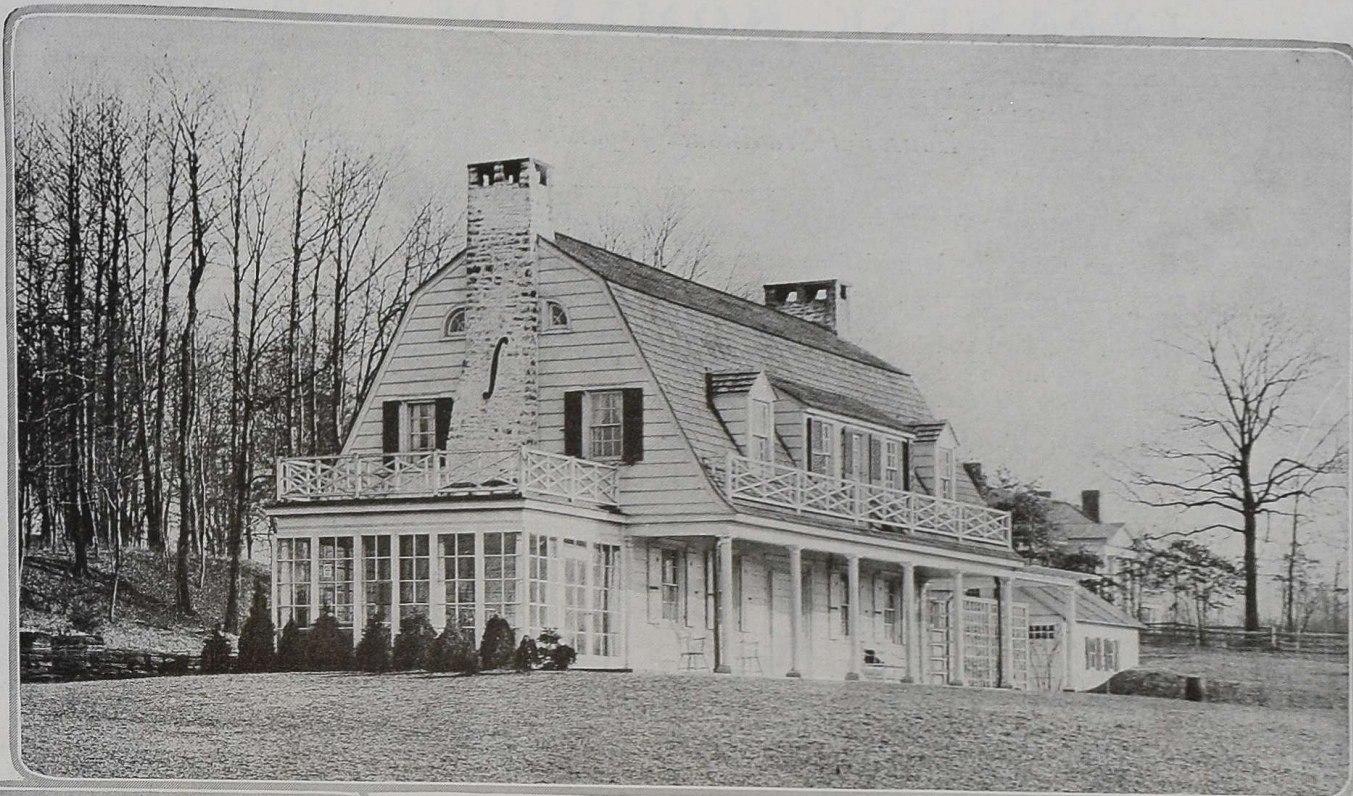
The broad and substantial Dutch Colonial lines of the house mass well against the wooded slope behind. It is wide white clapboarded with solid shutters on the ground floor and green blinds above. The whitewashed chimneys and the unstained shingles, left to weather naturally, carry on the well judged simplicity of the whole



A mouse color rug with a hint of purple to give it life is on the light oak waxed floor of the living room, from which the stairs ascend directly. French gray walls with trim a slightly darker tone of the same color, stair treads matching the floor. The risers, posts and balusters are French gray and the handrail is finished in dark mahogany



Two tones of French gray are in the living room panels, the darker one in the stiles. The cornice is a very light gray which almost matches the ceiling. Over the mantel is a panel of plaster framed in wood which extends to the ceiling. At the right of the picture is the entrance to the vestibule



The glassed in porch serves as a winter sunroom where potted plants bloom through the cold weather. Above it is a sleeping porch for summer use. The woods and hill to the north act as good protectors from cold winds. The view shown here is of the southwest exposure

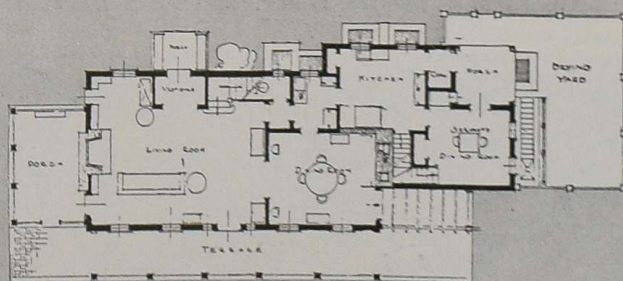
The RESIDENCE of ROBERT L. WOOD, Esq.

CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

JOHN GRAHAM, Jr., Architect

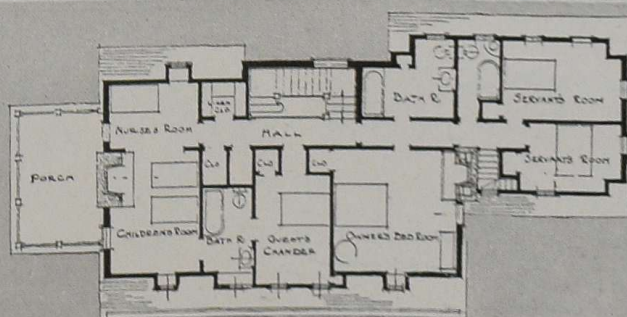


At the east end of the red brick paved terrace is the breakfast porch with its pergola roof. Here and on the supporting pillars grow climbing vines. A line of stepping stones leads from the end of the terrace



At the rear is the entrance with its two white painted benches, knocker and old black iron hanging lantern. This entrance opens into the vestibule which in turn connects directly with the living room shown opposite

There is little waste space in the house, considerable cleverness having been shown in the utilization of the corners and angles. As is fitting in a house of this architectural style, the plan shows open rooms without suggestion of restriction



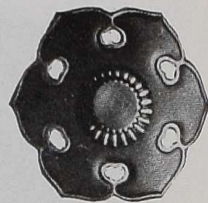
Two bathrooms and four chambers are on the second floor, besides the servants' quarters. A fireplace in the children's room is a welcome feature on wintry nights. A straight lengthwise hallway serves all the rooms



JAPANESE HOMES OF TODAY

*Interiors Decorated and Furnished in the European Manner in
Houses of Traditional Japanese Architecture*

EUGENE CLUTE



EAST and West meet in Japan, old national traditions and the latest Occidental ideas are found side by side, for the Japanese have endeavored to hold fast all that was good and especially well suited to their needs in the old order and to assimilate and develop all that seemed desirable in Western civilization. Nowhere is this more clearly evident than in the homes of some of Japan's representative men, which are, in the main, true to the Japanese style, while such conveniences as electric light, gas and modern plumbing have been introduced and certain rooms have been furnished in the European style for the reception of foreigners.

An especially good example is the residence of Baron Sumitomo at Osaka, for it is not only one of the finest homes in Japan but is also one of the most up-to-date.

A Residence at Osaka

It stands in a beautiful garden twenty acres in extent and forms an harmonious part of innumerable charming landscapes. Though the house is large, having an area of 28,800 square feet, it blends perfectly with the garden, for it is composed of a number of semi-detached pavilions arranged on an irregular plan so that only picturesque bits of the house are seen at a time among the trees. The garden interlocks with the house, forming small gardens between the pavilions and providing pleasant views from all the rooms.

The exterior is purely Japanese in architecture

and the greater part of the interior is in the Japanese style. In the native portion of the house the partitions are formed of sliding screens or *fusuma*. Other sliding screens, *shoji*, covered with translucent paper, serve instead of windows. The floors are covered with thick mats, or *tatami*, and there is no furniture in the European sense of the word.

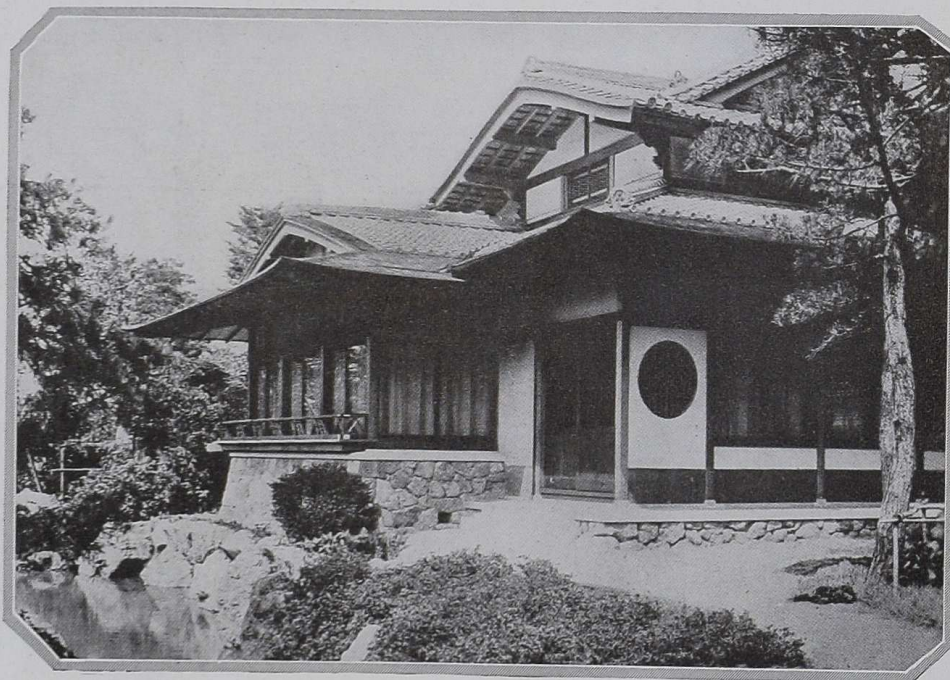
The contrast between the Japanese portion of the house and the section devoted to the reception of foreigners is startling. Here the ceilings are high, the woodwork, furniture and all the details of decoration are so thoroughly Occidental that it is difficult to believe that half the world lies between these rooms. It is only necessary, however, for the visitor to part the lace curtains and look out upon the garden

to realize that he is in Japan, beyond question.

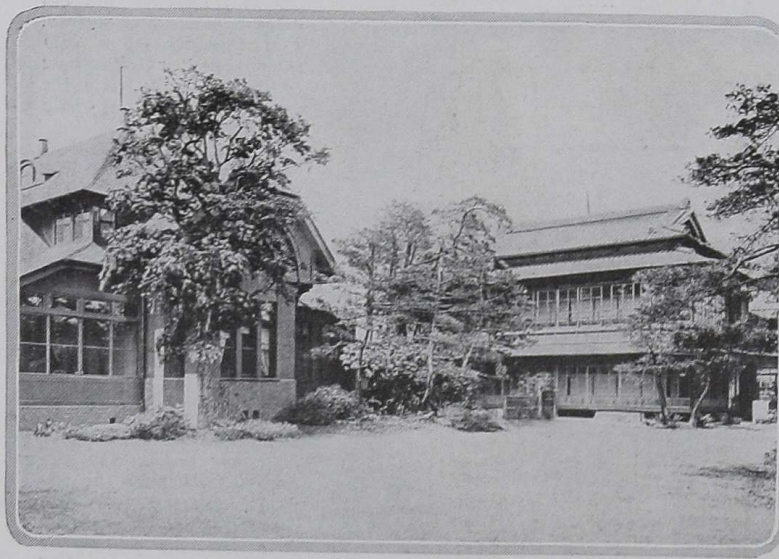
The lace curtains and the plate glass of the windows are, by the way, the only things in the drawing-room of this house that were imported. The woodwork and furniture of teak wood in a medium brown finish, the silk wall covering that shows a small diamond pattern in tan and blue-gray, the chair covering, the hand-tufted rugs patterned in tan and dull old rose, the silken hangings draped at the windows, and the electric lighting fixtures in antique silver finish, were not only designed by the Japanese architect of the building, Yutaka Hidaka, but were made by Japanese artisans in Japan. In the dining room the woodwork and furniture are of teak wood in a rich dark brown finish, the walls are covered with a gray-green silk material, the chairs are upholstered in brown leather and there are brown silk draperies at the windows.

Lighting and Heating

There is a glass-enclosed verandah, furnished with chairs, settees and small tables, all in the latest European style. Not only is the whole house supplied with electric light, gas, water and modern plumbing, but it has an indirect steam heating system. Before passing over the steam coils, the air is washed with a water spray to remove dust and other impurities. In the summer the air circulated by the ventilating system passes over ice to cool it. Baron Sumitomo also has interesting residences in Tokyo and Kyoto.



The architecture of Baron Sumitomo's home at Kyoto is in perfect harmony with the romantic landscape. The exterior is typically Japanese, though several of the rooms are furnished in the European manner. Yutaka Hidaka, architect



A house that is European both inside and out (at the left of the picture) has been built on Baron Sumitomo's Tokyo estate. Yutaka Hidaka, architect



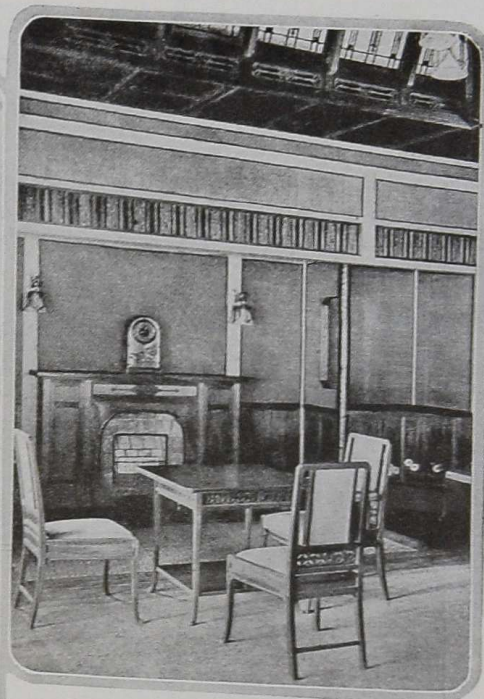
Close incorporation with the gardens has been achieved by arranging the semi-detached pavilions of the Osaka residence on a somewhat irregular plan



Apparently American arts-and-crafts, but really Japanese made and designed throughout. Yutaka Hidaka, decorator



The drawing room for foreigners in the Sumitomo European house at Tokyo



Modern European style in which Japanese details are evident characterizes this room in the Kyoto residence

While the problem of receiving Europeans in the manner to which they are accustomed, and at the same time retaining purely Japanese surroundings for the life of the family was solved in the residence at Osaka by furnishing and decorating certain rooms in the European manner, a quite different method has been followed at the Tokyo estate. There two separate and distinct houses have been built, one purely Japanese and the other European, inside and out.

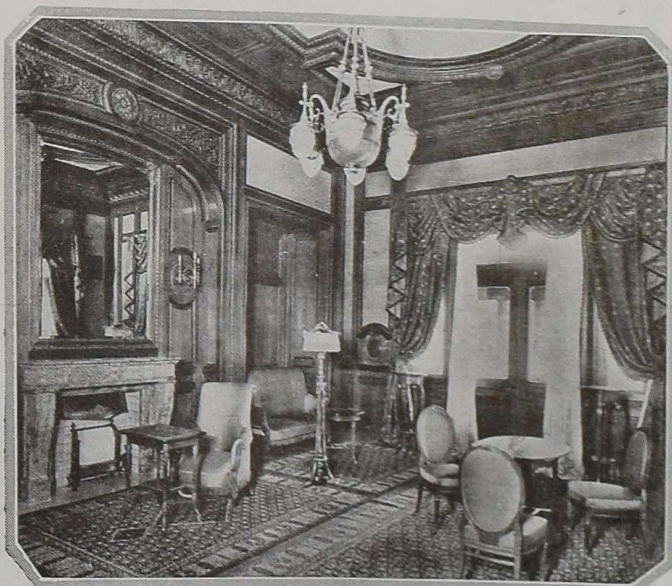
In the house at Kyoto several rooms have been furnished in the European manner in a building that, though typically Japanese, is of an entirely different character from the house at Osaka. With a keen appreciation of the relation that should exist between architectural design and the character of the landscape, the architect has produced in this instance a picturesque exterior, with wide projecting eaves, rustic stonework and rough plaster walls that harmonize with the romantic garden and the mountains in the background.

The decorative treatment of the reception-room for foreigners is less formal in this house than in the others and is in keeping with the character of the building. It shows features of Japanese design united skilfully with the dominating European forms in both the wall treatment and furnishings.

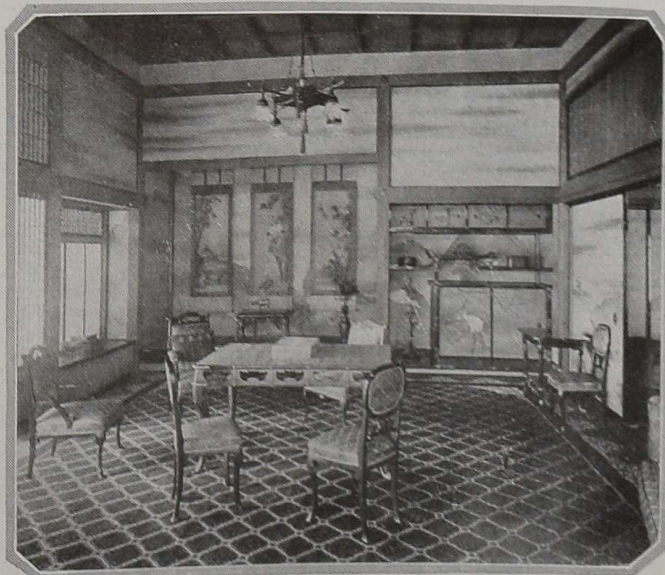
A Tokyo Residence

The residence of Kanichi Sumitomo in Tokyo seems modest when compared with the handsome estates of his father Baron Sumitomo. It is, nevertheless, a charming house and it shows a remarkably successful blending of Japanese and Occidental ideas.

Standing in a garden that is at



The drawing room in the residence of Baron Sumitomo at Osaka represents the latest phase of Occidental interior decoration in Japan



A portion of the main salon in the home of Baron Mitsui in Tokyo. While the wall treatment is Japanese, the furniture is European style

once simple and pleasing, this house looks almost as though it might be in a residential suburb of an American city. In the second story there is what appears from the outside to be a glass-enclosed sun-parlor, but is, in fact, a large living-room in the Japanese style. The reception-room in foreign style is in the lower story. It is a typical American Arts-and-Crafts interior, though everything in the room was designed and made in Japan.

While all of these houses were designed and decorated by the same architect, Mr. Hidaka, they show a variety of treatment that gives evidence of careful study in each instance and of the logical development of the designs from the conditions and requirements met with.

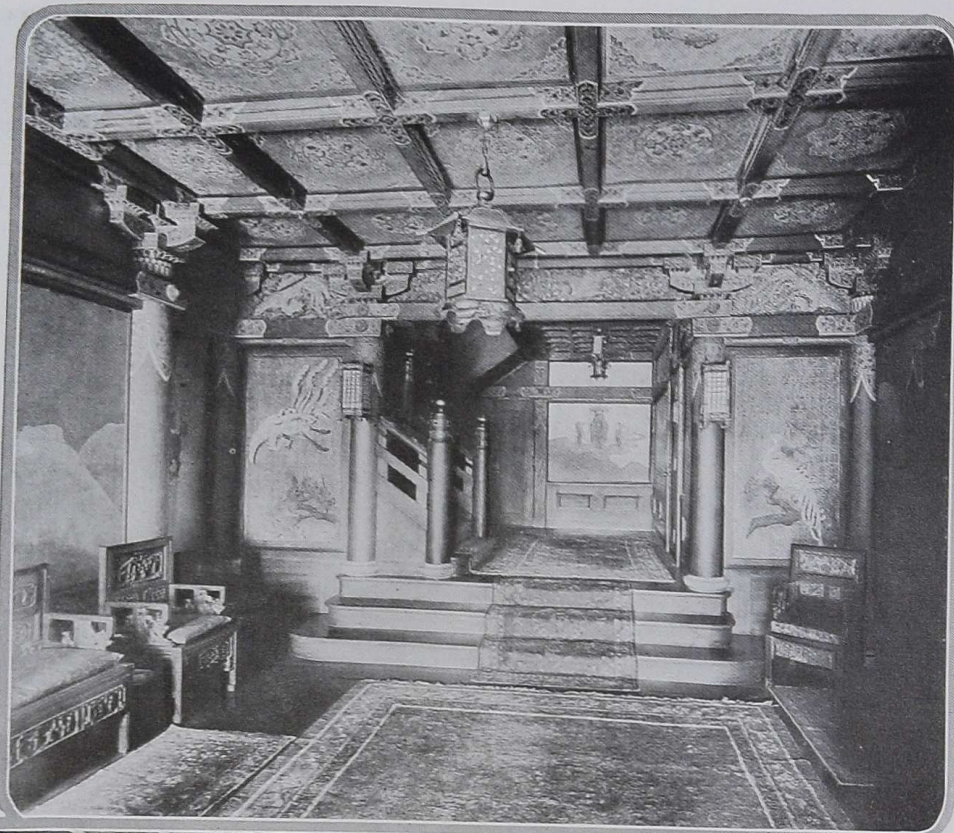
The rooms described represent the latest phase of Occidental decoration in Japan, for none of them is older than three years and those in Baron Sumitomo's house at Osaka have just been completed. They are very much like their European and American rooms and in this respect they differ widely from rooms furnished less than a decade ago.

Baron Mitsui's Home

Good examples of the latter period are in the home of Baron Mitsui at Tokyo, where in every case the interior architecture is essentially Japanese, while the furniture and furnishings are of the European type.

The large salon has walls composed of sliding screens painted in landscapes such as are frequently found in Japanese houses. Daylight is admitted through the translucent paper that covers typical *shoji*. Over the wide opening between the two sections of the room is the usual type of grille or *ramma*.

The chief feature of the wall treat-

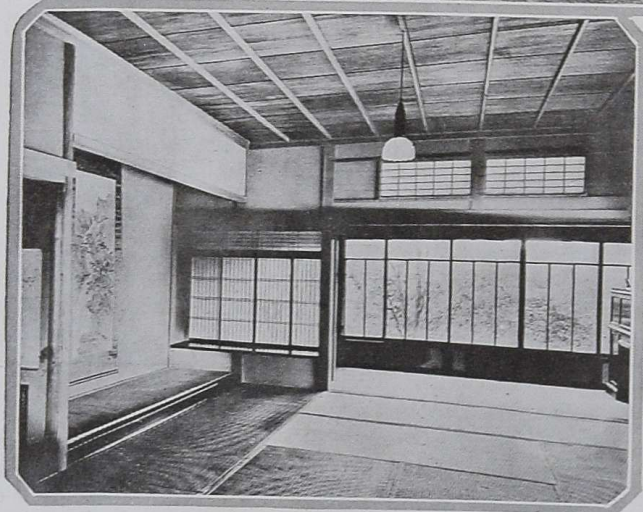


An example of the East adapted to the requirements of the West. The entrance hall in the New York home of Dr. Jokichi Takamine

offer them, were but poor substitutes for chairs. At first temporary and makeshift means were adopted to relieve the situation. Carpets, probably obtained from a foreign ship, were laid over the *tatami*. Chairs from the salon of a ship that happened to be in port were bought in some instances. A little later furniture was imported, but until very recently the wall treatment was always Japanese.

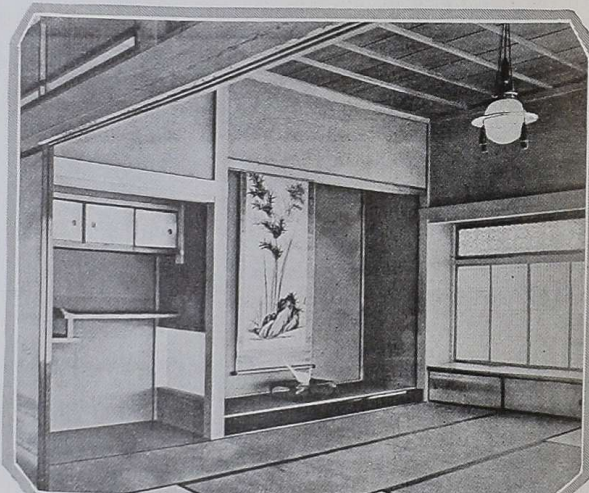
It is an open question whether the latest practice of exactly following European styles is as desirable as an effort to create a style in which the practical features of European furniture are combined with Japanese design characteristics.

A notable achievement in this direction is seen in the home of Dr. Jokichi Takamine on Riverside Drive in New York City. There historic Japanese decorative styles have been adapted to the requirements of the Occidental manner of living. The walls and ceilings are richly decorated purely in the Japanese style. Antique Chinese rugs of great beauty cover the floors. The furniture has been given a purely Japanese design character that brings it into harmony with the wall treatment.



The second story sun parlor in the Kan'chi Sumitomo residence in Tokyo is really a Japanese living room

(Right) Old Japanese in every respect except the electric lighting fixture. In the home of Baron Sumitomo, Tokyo



The Phoenix Temple at Uji is shown with gold-leaf background on the walls. Dr. Takamine's New York drawing room

ment is the pair of recesses known as the *tokonoma* and the *chigai-dana*.

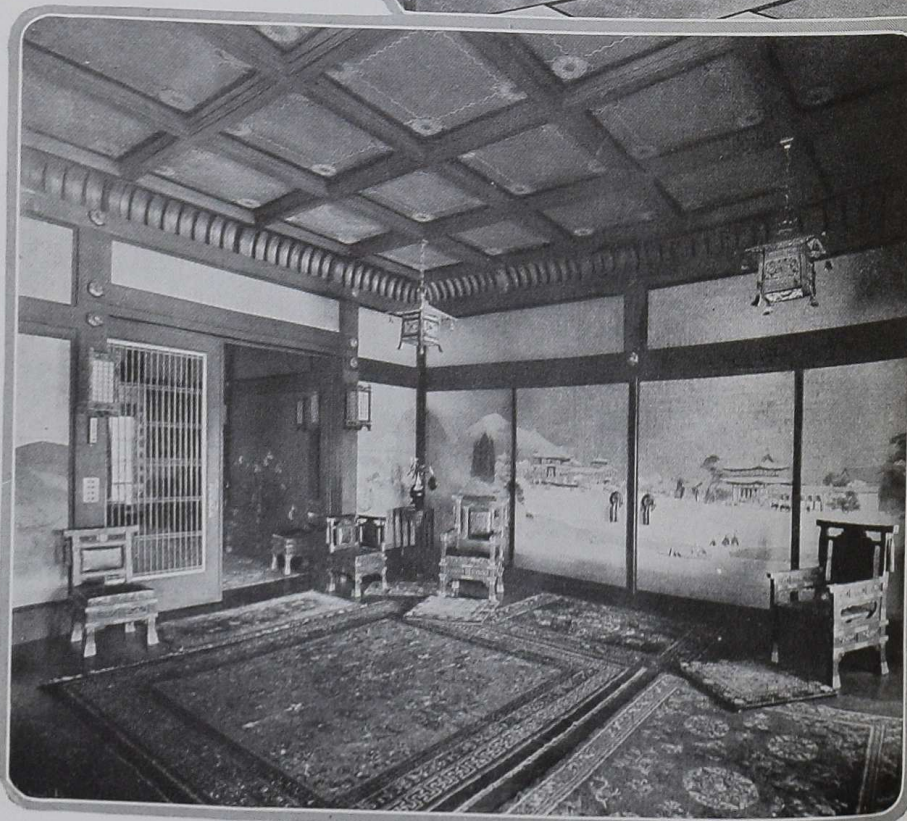
In order to harmonize the furniture with this environment Japanese lines were introduced into the designs. The electric fixtures received the same treatment and the floor was covered with large rugs in a simple large-scale pattern.

In the reception-room a similar combination of styles is found, but the walls and ceiling, while Japanese in detail, have an appearance of permanence and solidity that is foreign. The wall treatment of the dining room approaches the European type to some degree, while the furniture is European in character.

The blending of native and foreign styles in these rooms is probably due quite as much to a desire to retain so far as possible the national character as it is to the fact that this phase was in the natural order of development.

Practically ever since Japan opened her ports to the rest of the world, the problem of entertaining Europeans and Americans in a suitable manner has been up for solution.

It was soon found that boot-heels damaged the mats or *tatami* that were intended to withstand the impact of nothing more harsh than the cloth *tabi* worn by the Japanese. Then, too, the guests were not used to sitting on their heels in the Japanese manner, and the cushions, which were all that their hosts were able to





Gillies

THE ARCHITECTURAL BOOKCASE

It is becoming more and more the custom, in homes of good taste, to treat bookshelves as an architectural feature, and, by letting the shelves into the wall, make them form part of the architectural background of the room. The

wood used in this library is butternut in a warm, rich brown. A chair upholstered in a brilliant English chintz gives color variety to the ensemble. From the New York residence of F. F. Palmer, Esq. Delano & Aldrich, architects



When a very modern lady sits down to dress her modern little head, it is most appropriate to do it before the giant oval of the mirror of a gay modern dressing-table of red lacquer and gold. There are ebony legs to the table and little wings that fold out to accommodate bottles and boxes, or fold in to make a top for the brightly striped interior

The AUDACIOUS NOTE of MODERNISM in the BOUDOIR

ANNABEL:
I like and admire as much as you "*les styles anciens*," the charming Italian Renaissance, the nervous grace of Adam, and the pure nobleness of the Régence Française, but I believe that the boudoir of a woman of 1919 should be modern—that it should be conceived and made for her. The dining-room and salon may be of period furnishings, but certain rooms which respond to our modern needs can not be antique. Above all, I beg of you, avoid the sad and poor "*genre ancien*," said to be good taste. Do not make adaptations—that is, never deform beautiful style. Leave your old furniture to its real destination, and do not commit the sacrilege of transforming a Renaissance mantel into a bookcase or using Régence feet on a divan or allowing your furniture maker

Iribe Designs Alluring Garments and a
Gay Red Dressing-Table, That Annabel
And Her Boudoir May Be Equally Modern

to use the back of a Louis XV bergère for your chaise longue.

You know that first and above all the beauty of furniture is its proportion and that its ornamentation comes after. The miracle of the Petit Trianon is that one can not conceive it larger or smaller by one inch. For this reason, the idea of using one of these motifs of architecture to make a door or compose a room or a façade of a house, is both painful and laughable. There-

fore, when you need a piece of furniture which can not be found in the antique, have it made after your own taste and pleasure, and if your decorator has a sense of proportion and grace, your furniture will be beautiful and simple. If, through the fault of some eccentrics who are preoccupied with the idea of astonishing the world, modern furniture frightens you a bit, be confident and say to yourself that in all epochs new things have frightened the timid. But among the modern furniture you can make a choice, and if your decorator understands that the modern, without exactly copying the antique, must follow it, you will realize that you have been wrong to hesitate. It is in you, Annabel, who synthesize the elegant woman, that all modern artists put their confidence and their hope. Who better than you can



Sleep-tumbled curls are sagely tucked under the frill of a sheer batiste cap, and a bright ribbon ties about the head with a deceptively wide-awake air



A frail cap of thin plaited linen, tied around by a delicately gay ribbon, quite wisely adds to its charm a band of soft lace that hangs straight over the ears



A bit of fine linen that is plaited to fall lightly over a ribbon band garnished in front with a cluster of pale flowers, is just the soft cup for a sleepy face

understand and aid them? That confident and youthful audacity which prompts you to wear first the new dress or the new hat, which are your exterior decorations, if I may say so,—should it not also support you in your interior decorations?

The dressing-table which I have just designed for you, is of red lacquer decorated in gold. The feet are of ebony, and the roomy interior may be lined with a pretty striped silk of green, violet, and blue. This may be quite uncovered like a big drawer with no top, or covered completely by the two little side wings, which, when opened out, hold bottles and powder-boxes. The mirror is large, and the back of the oval panel, which reaches to the floor, will be decorated by your

artist with a beautiful gold design in the same tone of Chinese red lacquer. In this way you may place your dressing-table to suit your taste, and it would serve as a screen, since it is lovely to look at from all sides. This piece of furniture will be in perfect harmony with your old lacquer screen, and the striped lining will match the material on your walls and chairs. Have made, also, your powder-boxes and your bottles for perfume. These will not be more expensive than the ones all ready to be bought, and your only worry will be the slight delay of execution. But what a charming pleasure you will experience the day these lovely things are delivered, knowing that they have been made for you, and you alone.

They will cover the top of your head rather snugly with a bright ribbon binding your short locks; sometimes a soft frill may fall about the face. Your little slippers will also be trimmed with linen, lace, or ribbon, or cut in the form of sandals. I have sketched for you a few that suggest how quaint and charming this footwear may be, especially with coquettish frills of lace.

I must stop now, because, Annabel, I have not the presumption to believe that I can advise you in the use of your perfumes, your soft transparent cosmetics, or the embalmed clouds of your powder, for you knew the use of these beguiling artifices even before you were born.

PAUL IRIBE.

DAINTY BOUDOIR GARMENTS

Other objects of quite a different nature which may seem far removed from the furniture and decoration of your boudoir, are your head-dresses, negligées, and boudoir slippers. These, nevertheless, are less remote than you think, because the same thought has created them as things unique and personal for you alone. You will have the head-dresses and negligées made of fine light materials in the colours of your choice. Trim the negligées with marabou or swan's-down. Contrast the colour and material of the skirt and sleeves with those of the little corsage that you will have made of silk or crêpe or one of the lovely lamé tissues, perhaps. The head-dresses are of linen, batiste, lace, or ribbon and some flowers.

(Below) The world is proved an ensnaring place when slippers and mules for slender bare feet droop their sheer frills or flaunt their bright ribbons with unmistakable coquetry



With delightful inconsistency, this very French negligée chooses a skirt and sleeves of clinging sheerness and a snug little bodice of lamé tissue banded in both directions with slim white strips of marabou

For a summer negligée there are soft silken materials for a bodice and many soft pale coloured stuffs for skirt and sleeves, but unquestionably for trimming, there must be swan's-down, soft and snowy white



Who would not dream rosy dreams if folded in a delicate rose satin negligée lined with bluish lavender chiffon which forms the soft round collar and wide graceful sleeves. The negligée is gently draped in front and belted high and narrow; from Mrs. Dole. A gay little breakfast jacket of cherry coloured taffeta does its best to make the morning bright. It comes well below the knees and has fringes of taffeta at the edge and about the collar, sleeves, and pockets; from Le Petit Boudoir



Soft brocaded crêpe in a delicate shade of turquoise blue knows full well that with but a slight bit of draping and Georgette crêpe of the same shade as itself to edge the V-neck and the armholes, no further effort is required to assure a perfect future; from Mrs. Dole



Truly it is an art to be perfectly simple and yet create a picture, but this gown of orchid coloured crêpe de Chine knew the art well and wisely trusted its effect to flowing lines and frail exquisite colour. About the neck long ribbons of crêpe de Chine end in beads of exactly the right blue; from Le Petit Boudoir



Pink charmeuse starts a negligée, but, having achieved a waist and part of a skirt and sleeves, it entrusts the rest to a lovely ally—pink brocaded crêpe which ends the enterprise successfully with a draped skirt and dainty round collar and deep wide cuffs; from Le Petit Boudoir

NÉGLIGÉES WITH SIMPLE LINES THAT SHAKE

OUT WITH UNDISTURBED FRESHNESS

AFTER A JOURNEY IN A CROWDED BAG

EVERY LITTLE COSTUME HAS A RIBBON OF ITS OWN

One May Bind Bright Hair with Ribbons, or
Trim Gay Gowns with Ribbons, or—Well, There's
A Use for Nearly Every Ribbon in the World



Silver threads among the gold—or the brown—may be a thing of art providing they are two slender silver ribbons spread at the front and tucked in at the back under a diamond clasp, or under hairpins tipped with rhinestones, or tied in a bow



Paris weaves black ribbons in and out, puts on a cocade of glycerized ostrich, and evolves the smartest of little hats. Tied around the bottom of a high collar is a narrow black satin ribbon that waves long ends from a pert and airy bow-knot



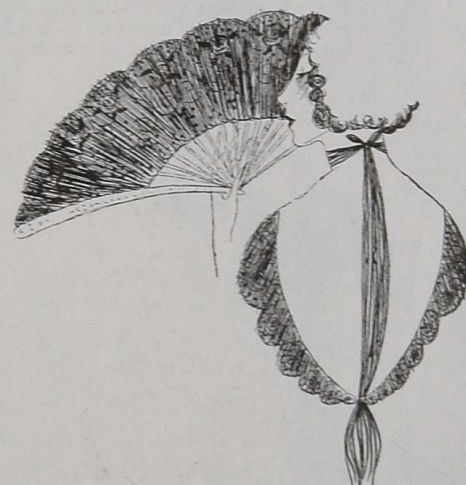
Talbot decided on a hat modelled after those worn by our American sailor boys in France when she made this black hat veiled in narrow silk shoe-string ribbons. The Prenet taffeta collar is edged with stitching



She is all loops of rose coloured ribbon, from the delicate edging on her rose Georgette poke-bonnet to her parasol and fichu and gay streamers



(Left) Gold metal ribbon and Delft blue ribbon are used on a dress of wood brown tulle. (Middle) On a dress of crêpe de Chine, loops of satin ribbon make a highly effective trimming. (Right) Rose and navy blue ribbon trim a Jenny dress of rose chiffon



Coyly reminiscent of the black velvet ribbon beloved of Southern belles, many tiny bands tie into one bow and hang down a comely back

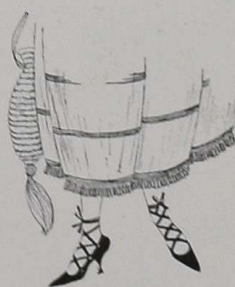
NOBODY, of course, objects to being tied to Dame Fashion's apron-strings so long as those strings are ribbons. For that's just about what has happened. The modest bit of finery which used to be associated with the curls and braids of our popular younger set has now come out of the nursery, so to speak, and is doing all sorts of unexpected things with itself and its wearers. Everybody who is anybody at all belongs to some Parisian Order of the Ribbon.

Of course, there are ribbons and ribbons—the temperamental kind that tie themselves into alarming knots and streamers just as if they were imitating the best-known whirls of the Vorticists, and the sophisticated sort which perch with those daring I-told-you-so tilts on white shoulders or lace themselves provocatively over the slim ankles of O-please-do-come-and-dance-with-me feet; and the dear little Puritan ribbons—one must not forget them—they simply can't get along without an innocent poke-bonnet or a parasol to play with. Some persuasive ribbons have so entirely gone to the heads of their adorers that they have made themselves into intriguing French hats and at this dizzy height of fame sail giddily through an admiring world of friends.

If one is of the blond persuasion—quondam or pro tem—the best thing to do about it is to make a bit of black velvet one's very dearest friend. These simple little affairs are indeed first aid to blondes, and no really clever person could get along without them, any more than Mary could do without her curls. They know in a moment just how to make the most of any situation. One of their unfailingly successful arts is that of slipping in a narrow band around a creamy throat, and then, just to show the beholder to what lengths they can go once they take a real interest in the matter, they hang in coquettish long streamers down the back. It is rather a difficult thing to avoid their siren wiles, but here's to them, and long may they wave over fair white backs.

If, on the other hand, one belongs to that popular class of home-wreckers who go in for clouds of dark hair for their well-known success, the silver lining to these clouds—and curls—may be bands of silver ribbon wound with tremendous effect around charming little heads. After that, one may leave the rest to fate.

Ribbons indeed, are the badges of the honour—
(Continued on page 78)



DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

AGAIN and again, with the coming of every warm season, the question is asked, "What is the most practical material to use in a dress or suit for travelling during the summer months?" It is by no means an easy question to answer, especially under varied climatic conditions. Yet, taking everything into consideration, Vogue not only feels that it can conscientiously recommend the use of silk, but remains convinced that there is no good reason why silk should not be most practical of all summer materials. Its light weight is indeed an asset, and the durability of a good quality and the advantages of that non-crushable, "pro-packable" sort are a sure inducement. Crispness and freshness are assured from beginning to end. Best of all, perhaps, is the fact that every grain of dust can be quickly and easily brushed away.

THE WISE CHOICE OF TAFFETA

Taffeta or satin are especially good choices, and the tailor-made woman as well as her feminine sister may find great satisfaction in these materials. The sketches on these pages show original designs utilizing various silks to the best advantage; and not only are these designs charming in themselves, but they are accompanied by suggestions for looking smart and well groomed while travelling on the hottest summer day. Few women—even those dressing on a war-reduced income—think of buying "freshness" by the yard at such a reasonable price that it may be worn once or twice and thrown away. A little shopping, however, provides just that convenience to-

For Summer Travelling and Street Wear

That Practical Material Silk, Retains Its

Fresh Appearance with Crisp White Bands

DESIGNS BY D. M. TIGHE



The most successful of practical silk frocks, perhaps, is one of black taffeta, particularly if mere hemstitched organdie bands will keep it looking trim and fresh

Poplin is one of the most delightful of light silk materials. In this frock it chooses fine batiste with Irish lace for a travelling companion and drapes its apron over a tight skirt

If a polka-dotted silk is chosen, then the frock should be simply made, but it may have novel cuffs and a fichu of wide white organdie

day. Bands of net or tulle that fold in at a V-neck are particularly attractive for the older woman. Narrow bands of organdie about an inch wide may be bought for very little; they are hemstitched by machine at either side on a narrow hem. A wide band of tucked organdie edged on both sides with Valenciennes lace makes in itself a lovely fichu, and this is well

worth saving for the laundry at the end of the journey. Ruffles and bands of every description are offered. If one is at all ingenious, one can not help having a number of unusual and charming ideas with the one-piece dress of silk as a background. The designs here are suggested in figured as well as in plain silks, but it is well to remember they could be suitably copied in any material in a summer weight and a silk finish. The silks used in these designs come by the yard and may be purchased at the prices mentioned below. Patterns in size thirty-six will be cut for three dollars each and in other sizes for five dollars each. This is especially arranged for those women who are their own seamstresses or who engage a sewing-woman.

A VERY PRACTICAL BLACK TAFFETA

A simple frock of black taffeta is perhaps the most successful and most practical frock for the woman who is not too young to wear black. The design sketched in the middle of this page, however, would be equally smart in navy blue crêpe de Chine or silk faille or moiré. The blouse is made like a jacket with a good deal of blouse at the back and a more fitted effect at the front;





Even in the hottest weather, it will be a simple matter to keep a fresh appearance and travel, too, if one's foulard frock has this convenient arrangement of tulle or net

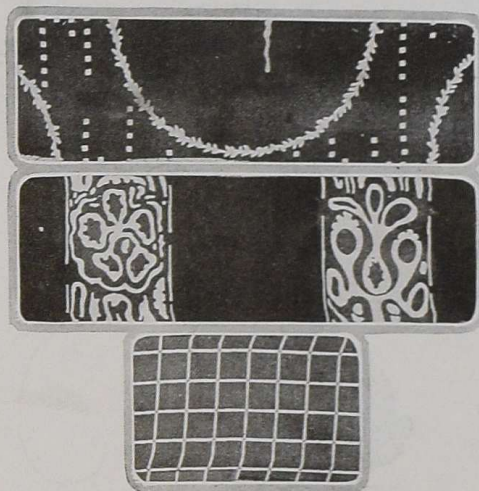
the novel collar appears to be held up by a narrow band of organdie which is hemstitched at either side and tied in a bow at one side of the neck. The sleeves are set in on a semi-kimono line at the elbow and run tightly down the arm to the wrist. A narrow band of organdie hemstitched at either side ties half-way between the wrist and the elbow in a small bow-knot; bands of this kind may be bought by the yard. The skirt is in accord with a new mode sanctioned by Paris. The upper tier lies in a puff or a double fold of the silk and runs back to the waist. It is held under a crushed girdle that ties at one side and looks as if it were part of the bodice, giving a Russian blouse effect. The underskirt is tight and is cut in and narrowed at either side in a new way. The moire, which is thirty-six inches wide, is priced at \$4.50 a yard. The crêpe de Chine, which is forty inches wide, is priced at \$4 a yard in a heavy quality.

A STREET FROCK OF POPLIN

It is surprising how delightfully poplin makes up into a simple gown for street or travelling, particularly for summer wear, and what an effect of elegance it may give. The charming frock sketched at the lower left on the opposite page is an excellent model for taffeta, poplin, or other light material. Poplin comes forty inches wide in beige, navy blue, grey, taupe, brown, or whatever shade one desires. A surplice blouse has raglan sleeves running from the shoulders into tight cuffs with puffs of batiste showing through triangles, cut for coolness, just above the cuffs. A long narrow shawl collar is suggested in fine batiste finished with Irish lace. The skirt is made like an apron, back and front, and drapes at either side;

these aprons are used over a very tight silk underskirt. A crushed silk belt is finished with a rose that is made of the silk cut in petals, each one bound with the material.

Polka-dots, as they always have been, are extremely smart for the summer silk. On a dull blue ground, polka-dots of every size are scattered over a silk that may be most effectively used in a frock. Of course, one need not choose navy blue; there are other colours equally smart. For the making of a gown marked with polka-dots, an extremely simple style should be used. In the frock sketched at the lower right on page 60, a kimono blouse with very short sleeves joins a simply draped skirt under a wide crushed girdle



One could not tire of pussy-willow taffeta marked in black and white when the frock has such new and charming features in the lines of its skirt and sleeves and graceful neck



that does nothing more than fasten with hooks or snaps under the arm at one side. The novel part of the gown, however, is the wide band of organdie that may be bought by the yard; if cleverly placed, as this bit is, it becomes a most effective fichu. The centre of the band lies in cord-like tucks, while it is edged at either side with fine Valenciennes lace. A straight band is used about the neck, crosses at a low line about the waist, runs in under the girdle, and turns back to form loops at either side. Straight cuffs of organdie are put in under the kimono sleeves and make a smart finish to an otherwise severe line. The material comes in various colours, is forty inches wide, and costs \$4.50 a yard.

A model that combines dignity and charm is suggested in black pussy-willow taffeta marked with bands in a simple black and white design. There are many new features in this dress, as sketched at the upper right on this page,—the round neck of the bodice opening at one side, the set-in raglan sleeve that is three-quarter length, and the clever draping of the skirt with the bands going around instead of vertically, as in the bodice. This material comes forty inches wide and is priced at \$4.50 a yard. (Continued on page 83)

If one is under the age for black taffeta, one may have blue silk checked with white lines for the favourite going-about frock in summer

The YOUNGER GENERATION

MODELS FROM MANASSE



When weighty matters profoundly absorb one's thought, it's very nice to have a peacock blue wool jersey sweater that looks after one's youthful appearance so well and slips over the head with little bother. As for the white jersey belt with gay orange balls—that is to match the collar of white jersey stitched in blue and burnt orange



A tall sunflower might be the proudest in the garden if it were not for Miss Somewhere-under-Ten in her coral pink organdie, checked and dotted in white, sashed with white organdie, and set with plaited organdie panels. Collar and cuffs are of hemstitched white organdie plaitings



(Left) Fingers skilled in fashioning things for little girls made this frock of handkerchief linen candy-striped in old-gold, with black loops and shiny buttons. Cool white linen makes the cuffs, collar, belt, and the inserts in the skirt

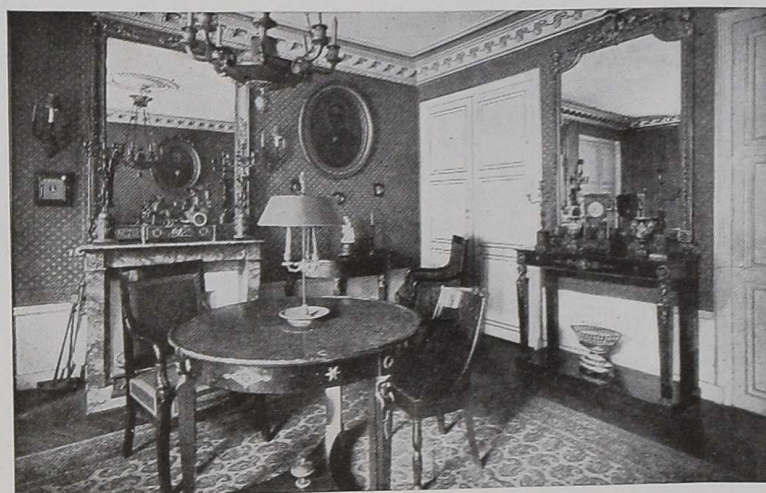


An English linen frock that's mostly a skirt of plaitings gives ample room for any sudden tendency to go skipping. Rare discrimination appears in the stripes of old-gold alternating with a quaint cretonne pattern in rose and lavender, and the black bow on the gold-edged white linen collar and cuffs sums up the prim ensemble



The young lady with the black velvet sash wears a charming frock of voile checked with fine yellow stripes and touched with an effective bit of black. The smocking about the neck and down the front is done with white and yellow linen threads

M.B.



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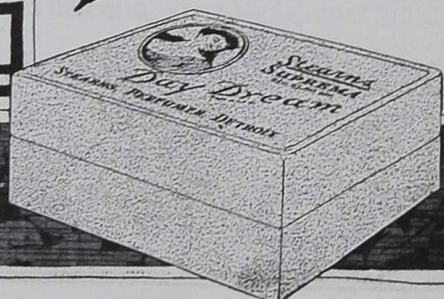
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Yes, its all ribbons, this frock
with a foundation of sand col-
oured chiffon veiled with nar-
row ribbons of tan grosgrain
which are looped in at the waist-
line but hang loose to the hem

RIBBONS FOR EVERY COSTUME

(Continued from page 73)

ary Society of Pink and Blue Coquettes—that is, if one is a member of that trying species which is poetically supposed to be more deadly than the male. In their more dignified and noble, but hardly more effective capacities, they stand for the stern orders of knight-hood. Everybody knows that a red band means the Order of the Bath, a blue one the Order of the Garter. One frequently observes, too, the blithe green ribbon holding forth hilariously on the seventeenth of March, which is, of course, as it should be and lends a pretty touch of colour to our staid American streets.

But on the whole, ribbons rule essentially in the bright uncertain realm of feminine whims. They have a piquing versatility, and, in clever fingers, can manage to unwind a romance or two, or, if one prefers, can tangle up a few well-planned destinies. Even though, technically speaking, one hasn't quite the face that would launch a thousand ships successfully, with the aid of a few French ribbons a really great deal can be done along even this line—that is, if one is that sort of a

lady, and one usually is. A pert bow-knot here, a languid loop there, a delicate trimming on unexpected and delightful ruffles, and one can become the most annoyingly charming combination of the world, the flesh, and the devil—(so called). One gay little exponent of the serious science of flirtation even made an entire frock of wispy ribbons, that fell in a soft maze over a slip of weblike chiffon in a bewildering multitude of fluttering ends. The result certainly justified those ends.

As for sashes, they are absolutely the most deadly form of all coy tricks in this whirl of arts and trifles. They have never been known to fail. One reads in the novels of stalwart heroes who went around cherishing their ladies' bright girdles even after those bored ladies had managed to marry the Other Man. And the end of all this tiresome devotion on the part of those rare souls was a lonely but effective death with the worn-out ribbon tucked beneath their faithful pillows. Sashes may take an infinity of forms. They may be narrow or wide, or they may be long or short, to suit the temperament and mood.



Most of Chéruit's gowns this year
had a narrow belt of grosgrain rib-
bon or, sometimes, two ribbons. One
gown used black and orange

With a skirt of black sa-
tin, a wide crushed girdle
of sapphire is used, tying
in a big bow at one side

Uneven strips of coloured
picot-edged ribbon hang
from a narrow girdle over
an evening gown of tulle

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 53)

case, mainly to the fact that every point in either play had been applauded many times in other plays of other years. "Daddies" succeeded because David Belasco drenched it with sentimental treacle; "A Prince There Was" succeeded for the more exciting reason that it was both written and acted by George M. Cohan; and "East is West" appears to have achieved its great success because the manager, the authors, and the actors all agreed, before it opened, that the play was very bad. "The Unknown Purple" and "The Woman in Room 13" deserved their long runs, because each of them was an honest melodrama of the good old Third Avenue variety. Except for the foregoing array of unimpressive pieces, the most successful American contributions to the recent season may be listed in two unimportant classes:—first, a large group of journalistic war plays, which flourished until November 11, 1918, and thereafter suffered many casualties; and, second, a flock of bedroom farces, cut in accordance with the Palais Royal pattern.

The few great plays presented as items in the course of the recent anomalous and almost tragically empty season were all of foreign authorship, and were exhibited by managers who deserve a *croix de guerre* for their uncanny daring. The noblest decoration of all must be accorded to John Barrymore and Arthur Hopkins for their jointly undertaken productions of Tolstoi's "The Living Corpse" and Sem Benelli's "The Jest." The latter piece—"La Cena delle Beffe"—must be remembered as, far and away, the finest achievement of the season; and it is gratifying to record the fact that this production has attracted the biggest box-office response that has been registered for many years on Broadway.

Winthrop Ames, also, deserves a decoration for his very beautiful production of "The Betrothal" of Maurice Maeterlinck. This piece is commonly regarded as a "failure," because, after several weeks, it was summarily withdrawn; but the fault, in this case, must not be charged against the public. Mr. Ames has informed the present writer that the gross receipts, throughout the run of "The Betrothal," amounted to no less than nine thousand dollars a week. The necessary reason for the discontinuance of the play arose not from any obtuseness on the part of the public, but merely from the quite extraordinary expense entailed by the maintenance of the production.

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS

IT is a pleasure to congratulate The Provincetown Players upon the completion of the most successful season in their five years of existence. At the outset of the autumn, they moved to new and larger quarters at 133 Macdougall Street, a few doors to the southward of their former residence.

The acting of this organization has steadily improved, until now it is generally better than that of The Washington Square Players at their prime. Many of the performances afforded by The Provincetown Players are much more than merely good; and professional actors of long experience would not be able to excel the really remarkable work of such artists, for example, as Eugene Lincoln and Ida Rauh in their rendition of Pendleton King's impressive one-act tragedy, "Cocaine." The scenery provided by the painter-members of the organization is nearly always original and striking in design and beautiful in colour; and, making due allowances for the limitations of the little stage, it must be said that

the lighting is very ably managed.

But the most important achievement of The Provincetown Players is not in the field of acting nor in the field of decoration, but in the more essential field of authorship. During the course of their recent season, which began on November 22 and ended on May 1, seven bills were successively presented, containing sixteen new plays and eight repetitions of plays formerly exhibited; and every one of these twenty-four compositions was written by a member of the organization. Most of the other little-theatre groups have contented themselves with the worthy work of producing notable plays by famous authors—for the most part foreign—that have been overlooked or neglected by the commercial managers; but The Provincetown Players write their own plays, and their institution is important mainly as a school of authorship.

Already, they have discovered and developed at least two dramatists who, in their different ways, exhibit signs of genius. These are Eugene G. O'Neill and Susan Glaspell. Mr. O'Neill's chief asset is a thorough knowledge of the sea, and those who live upon the borders of the sea, and those who fare forth upon the sea in ships. His knowledge was acquired at first hand, and is not "literary" or derivative. He has a genius for rendering in dialogue the actual tang of the speech of salt-sea sailors; and, on the structural side, he has thoroughly mastered the difficult technique of the one-act melodrama. No other writer for our stage can approach Mr. O'Neill at his particular trade; and he deserves to be heralded as the Joseph Conrad of the current drama. There is a rumour that he has written a long play that is scheduled to be produced next season by some commercial manager in the region of Times Square. If this piece succeeds, The Provincetown Players will have justified their existence by bequeathing to Broadway a dramatist of real ability.

Susan Glaspell, on the other hand, is gifted with a sense of satire,—a sense, by the way, that is extremely rare in the American theatre. Her humour is rich, her pathos is appealing; and she shows a glint of genius in the depth and broadness of her human understanding. Technically, she is not so clever as Mr. O'Neill, either in construction or in writing; but the spectator suspects that she knows more about life in general and cares more about many sorts of people. She is an author of genuine importance; and there are many indications that her work will be of lasting value.

During the course of the recent season, Mr. O'Neill was represented by four plays,—two of which were new, while the other two were recalled from former seasons. The new compositions were entitled "Where the Cross Is Made" and "The Moon of the Caribbees"; and the earlier pieces were called "Bound East for Cardiff" and "The Rope." All these one-act plays have been published, in a single volume, by Boni and Liveright; and a perusal of this volume is enthusiastically recommended to readers who live beyond the range of the actual activities of The Provincetown Players.

Miss Glaspell was represented three times in the course of the recent season,—by a one-act satire entitled "Tickless Time," which was written in collaboration with her husband, George Cram Cook; by a repetition of "Woman's Honor," recalled from an earlier season; and by a new three-act play called "Bernice." "Bernice" is the biggest and best play that has yet been produced by The Provincetown Play-

(Continued on page 80)

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SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 79)

ers. The woman after whom the piece is named is dead before the curtain rises; and the three acts are devoted to the development, bit by bit, of an appreciation of her character from little clues that are afforded by her father, her husband, her sister-in-law, her best friend, and her servant, none of whom, of course, completely understood her. This important work reveals a deeply penetrant insight into human nature and is written with extraordinary subtlety; and the production of this play alone would have been sufficient to procure for The Provincetown Players the honour of a creditable season.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYERS

THE excellent standard set by The Neighborhood Players in their beautiful production of "Guibour" was consistently maintained in their last bill of the season, which was exhibited at The Neighborhood Playhouse, 466 Grand Street, on several successive Saturdays and Sundays throughout April and May. This bill was composed of three contrasted plays,—each of which, however, dealt with some aspect of the social problem of the eternal feminine. "The Eternal Megalosaur," by Justina Lewis, "The Moose," by Tracy D. Mygatt, and "Everybody's Husband," by Gilbert Cannan, which was the best play on the entire programme.

In this piece, a young girl—all flutery with nervous consciousness of the tremendous fact that she is destined to become a bride at noon upon the morrow—falls asleep and dreams a dream in which she interviews her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother on the subject of men in general and husbands in particular. The reports of these experienced progenitors are disillusionizing; yet the destined bride, on waking up, quite cheerfully consigns herself to the waiting arms of her prospective husband. This little piece is prettily fanciful and airily satirical, and reveals much more than the ordinary modicum of literary merit.

"JOHN FERGUSON"

AT the very end of the theatre season, on the evening of the twelfth of May, The Theatre Guild, Incorporated, presented at the Garrick Theatre one of the most impressive plays of recent years; and the first-night auditors, evidently unprepared for so astonishing an exhibition, remained standing in their places at the close of the fourth and final act and recalled and cheered the actors for more than a dozen curtain-calls.

The piece was called "John Ferguson"; and it was written by St. John G. Ervine. To quote with serious significance a well-known satiric quip of Bernard Shaw's, it may be stated that this is a good play because it was written by a good author. Authorship, after all, does count for something in the theatre,—a fact of which our managers need frequently to be reminded.

In the good old days before the war, when The Abbey Theatre Players were exhibiting their wondrous and delightful repertory at Wallack's Theatre, I was profoundly impressed by the earliest plays of St. John Ervine, "The Magnanimous Lover" and "Mixed Marriage," and asked Lady Gregory to tell me how old the author was. She replied that he was twenty-four, or twenty-five—I have now forgotten which. I expressed astonishment at Ervine's youthfulness. Lady Gregory beamed benignly, and retorted, with a twinkle in her eye,—“That isn't young

for us!” . . . Though St. John Ervine, even now, is scarcely more than thirty years of age, he has already published several massive novels and issued more than a dozen dramas of unusual importance. In England, his reputation, not only as a playwright but also as a novelist, has been won more easily and quickly than that of several other gifted authors among his fellow-countrymen; and this consummation may be due, to some extent, to the accidental fact that Ervine is an Ulsterman and moved early to London from the Protestant province of the north. Whether or not he is repudiated by the Catholic Irish of the southern provinces, I do not know: an American commentator must remain neutral—and, if necessary, uninformed—in regard to a question so indigenously local. To a neutral critic, it appears that Ervine, though very much concerned with problems of religion, is singularly fair to both Catholics and Protestants and understands them both with equal sympathy. Among all recent Irish authors, he is perhaps the most non-partisan and, therefore, the most completely Irish. He can love his native Ireland—with that richest love which arises from sympathetic understanding—without feeling impelled to hate some antithetic section of his island, or to hate England, or to hate the fairly amiable world around whose twirling girth the steadfast sun can never set upon the British flag. For this reason, the mood of Ervine's mind commends itself more easily to a neutral and disinterested critic than that of any of his fellow-countrymen—like the gifted Padraic Colum, for example—who, first, hate England; second, hate America for loving England; third, admire Germany for attacking England; and, lastly, love their native Ireland with what is left of their loyalty.

The underlying and essential point of the foregoing discussion is that St. John Ervine is an Irish author whom American audiences can appreciate without any alteration of their own habitual psychology. "John Ferguson," to us, is not at all a "foreign" play; and one wonders why our calculating managers have not snapped up more eagerly the compositions of this gifted dramatist.

The basic plot of "John Ferguson" is so old that it was long ago worn threadbare in the theatre. Merely to summarize the story would indicate a seeming wish to criticize the piece adversely; and a summary will therefore be omitted by the present commentator. For, in truth, the appeal of the play is increased considerably by the fact that the public—long familiar with the story—can dismiss it without any waste of mental effort, and can concentrate complete attention upon what the author really cares about,—which is the most minute and careful delineation of individual characters. Ervine's characters are real: prick them with a pin and they will bleed. The life that he launches on the stage is real: there is nothing artificial or "theatrical" about it. His piece has been carefully patterned, with a cumulative intensity of dramatic interest and dramatic power, from the very outset to the very end; yet, in effect, it seems not calculated but merely natural. The dialogue is admirably written—except that, now and then, it seems a little over-worded. Ervine, in his writing, lacks of course the angel eloquence of Synge and the affluent lilt of Lady Gregory; but he can write entire scenes in speech that sounds both timely and eternal. In this respect, none of our American dramatists has yet approached him. "John Ferguson" was well produced and admirably acted cast.



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SUMMER SOCIAL LIFE

(Continued from page 43)

keep in touch with it. Whenever there is a large entertainment, Newport flocks to it, as it does to the polo at the Point Judith Club in August. The Casino has been closed during the period of the war, but it will probably be reopened this summer. Besides its hotels, its bathing, its Gallic atmosphere, and its cosmopolitan crowd, the dear old Pier has other attractions in plenty and a warm place in the hearts of many. It is a little city by the sea which will always be a favourite, for there is no other spot like it.

PICTURESQUE SOUTHAMPTON

Southampton was another "discovery." For nearly three hundred years, it was a quiet sleepy Long Island village whose inhabitants had been Puritan refugees from the religious persecutions in New England. Then a few New Yorkers of the old conservative set "discovered" its quaintness and rural charm, its sand-dunes and beach swept by the Atlantic ocean; its remoteness from the town, too, made it an ideal summer home. Since then, Southampton has gone through three stages of development, and now it scorns to be called the "Little Newport," for it is an actual rival of that world-renowned resort. Its distinctive features are surf bathing and the club life with its golf.

Club life is an essential at Southampton, and the stranger within the gates is a stranger indeed if excluded from these organizations. The Shinnecock Golf Club with its natural course on the sand-dunes is really the oldest and smartest of its kind in this country. It is a short drive from the scattered cottage colony, and here tea is a social function for which every one gathers in the afternoon. The Meadow Club, at the ocean end of First Neck Lane, is the centre of all social life, practically the Casino of Southampton. Its membership includes women, as well as men, and it was here that weekly club dinners and dances were first introduced. The men's own club is the Southampton, a colonial structure in the village itself, at the beginning of Hill Street where Job's Lane ends. On Shinnecock Hills is the new golf club, the National, the links of which were laid out by Mr. Charles Blair Macdonald, the president of the club and one of the best-known authorities on the game in America.

The one large hotel in the village,—now a great modern establishment—is a club in itself. Another smaller hotel with a smart clientèle has sprung up in the cottage colony. There are cottages in number on rustic lanes and village streets bearing scriptural and sentimental names, and these are rented every year. Southampton vies with Newport in its number of villa palaces and has even more millionaires in its colony to-day. The season is long, beginning in May and lasting until November, and, as it is easy to motor out in a short time on the excellent roads, week-ends at Southampton are famous.

Gardiner's Bay is the haven of yachts, and there is one continual round of outdoor sports, tournaments, and horse and dog-shows. Yet the place has a rural charm which is wholly lacking in Newport. There is less of strict stiff conventionality and more of independence and freedom. Southampton has its serious side, too, with lectures and concerts and meetings; it is the home of many artists. Classes are held each summer in the famous artist village in Shinnecock Hills, and the place is still primitive enough to have real Indians on a reservation. Easthampton, in the "Hamptons," picturesque with its vil-

lage green, duck-pond, and windmills, is also blossoming into a modern summer resort. It has its inn, and the Maidstone links attached to the country club are well known to golfers. Bridgehampton, likewise, has a golf club; Westhampton and Quogue are more old-fashioned, but can also claim the rank of watering-places.

SARATOGA

The oldest watering-place in America is Saratoga. The old volumes of Nathaniel P. Willis, Charles Astor Bristed, and George William Curtis record its picturesque history. They tell of a civilization of other times and other manners,—of dining at midday, drinking the waters, and hops in hotel parlours. For years, Saratoga was extremely fashionable, but its social life was for the most part confined to its hotels. Although Newport is now a smarter resort, Saratoga still has many attractions, and there is an old-fashioned element always faithful to it. Latin-Americans have always been partial to it, and for them it is a welcome refuge from the torrid heat of the tropics. The modern Saratoga has a brief and busy season lasting but a month when the crowd comes for the August races. Then the hotels are filled, and there is a great deal going on.

THE ADIRONDACKS

In the Saranac and Raquette Lake regions are many "camps" which are really commodious modern dwellings fitted with every comfort and luxury. Here many people prefer to spend their summer and late autumn enjoying the fishing, the shooting, and the delights of "roughing it" with all the advantages and conveniences of civilization. The Adirondack region of to-day is a vast park with game-preserves similar to those in England and Scotland. With lakes for boating and the "wilderness" for a playground, and, here and there, the modern hotel for those who have not camps, life is always gay for the constant succession of visitors.

IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Within the past few years, this historic country has come very much into vogue as a summer resort. It is a land of high hills and lakes and picturesque villages; it has quaint family homesteads in the midst of prim gardens and rejuvenated inns, now made as modern and comfortable as could be desired. In Cornish and the surrounding country are the summer homes of many artists and literary people. A week at Newport or at Bar Harbor may vary the summer, but the comparative quiet of a country neighbourhood has charms that are fast being recognized; in this respect Americans are becoming more and more like the English. Dublin is another village where New Yorkers and Bostonians with kindred tastes have made a little settlement of their own.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Although, like Niagara, the White Mountains are one of the wonders of this country and a favourite trip for tourists, there is much social life in the cottage colony and among those who are permanent guests at the several great hotels every year. People who have passed the summer at Bar Harbor or one of the seaside resorts like to motor up in the early autumn from Portland or Boston or by way of Lenox and pass a short time in the high altitude. A little change of air makes a

(Continued on page 82)



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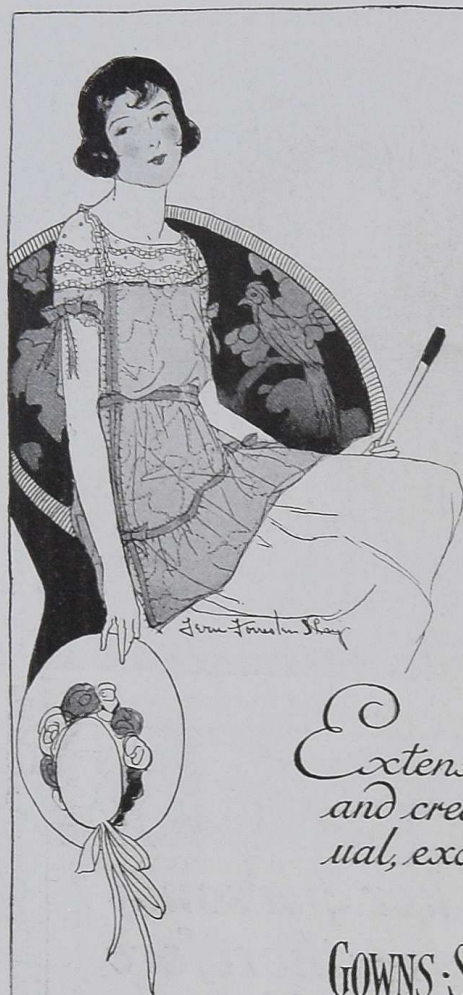
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SUMMER SOCIAL LIFE

(Continued from page 81)


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special season near the ocean or in the lowlands, and September is frequently very gay.

STATELY LENOX

Lenox is not a resort in the strict meaning of the word. It is a dignified New England town, famous in the historic lore of Massachusetts and filled with memories of American celebrities. The extensive country estates in its environs would be called parks in Great Britain—and the Berkshires here are not unlike the Berkshires in England. Until the motor revolutionized the world and country highways became great arteries of travel, Lenox scorned the transient visitor. Now cars speed through the Berkshires by the thousands, and Lenox is a favourite stopping-place. The two hotels, one of which dates almost from the days when Massachusetts was a commonwealth, allow the transient hospitality, though the same names of steady patrons appear and reappear on the register.

Society in Lenox, however, is almost as unchangeable as the girdle of everlasting hills. This does not mean that the social life is dull or stiff or uninterestingly conventional. There are the activities of outdoor life; then there are the country clubs and golf-links. Besides the broad well-kept highways, there are numerous pleasure roads for the motorist, excursions to be taken in the mountains, and, in season, excellent fishing and shooting. A horse-show comes in the autumn, for this is a famous equestrian country with riding to hounds and 'coon hunts by moonlight when the persimmons are ripe. From September on, Lenox is as gay as another Newport; and the season lasts until after Thanksgiving, and houses are kept open until the New Year for the winter sports.

Near Lenox is Stockbridge, staid, dignified, and delightful, and always associated with the memory of Joseph Choate. It has a quaint inn, beautiful homes, and broad streets lined with superb trees.

THE NORTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Of the cottage colonies on the famous New England North Shore near Boston, perhaps the best-known is Manchester-by-the-Sea, a town favoured by diplomatic Washington and blessed with good hotels and a delightful cosmopolitan society. Beverly is the summer home of former President Taft and many residents from Middle Western cities, and is also renowned for its autumn horse-show. Then there are Nahant, Swampscott, and Pride's Crossing, all picturesque and charming. Here are delightful inns and hospitable club-houses; county fairs and dances; golf and tennis; tournaments and horse-shows. It is a land of country house-parties and week-ends with lavish entertaining. Perhaps it is clannish, but so are all country neighbourhoods.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

When the last century was in pinnafores and our great-grandfathers travelled in their own equipages or by coach, the Greenbrier White was the Saratoga of the South. From as far distant as New Orleans, the wealth and beauty and chivalry of the South made this yearly pilgrimage, taking more than a month to travel through forests and over mountains to the Greenbrier. Although these merry days have passed into history, the White Sulphur of today not only keeps up its Southern prestige, but is an all-year-round resort for the North and West. Near the an-

cient buildings and cottages has arisen a magnificent modern hotel with every luxury and equipment for sports. White Sulphur is more than a cure with healing waters, for it is a cosmopolitan centre set in glorious mountains where it is always green spring or mellow autumn. It was a gay place during the past winter, visited by one set after another. Golf tournaments are held here, and the Greenbrier Horse-Show has become an annual event of interest.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA

The climate of the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies really knows no season; the summers are cooler and the winters warmer than in the entire lowland section of the Middle and Northern states. There are the vast pine and spruce forests teeming with mineral springs and absolutely free from dampness. The Hot Springs of Virginia is one of the oldest of these mountain spas. Although Virginians and Southerners have been visitors here for generations, the North and the West were brought by the building of the Homestead Hotel, open the year round, and the establishment of modern equipment for the cure and baths. After the season at Newport and Bar Harbor and the other ocean resorts is closed, it is pleasant to go to the Springs for a refreshing tonic before returning to town life. For travellers from the West and the Coast, it is a half-way sojourn. The autumn season has become an institution, and fast trains leave from metropolitan centres so that one can almost commute from New York and Philadelphia or from Chicago and St. Louis.

MURRAY BAY

Murray Bay, on the St. Lawrence, is one of the fashionable Canadian resorts which has also been adopted by Americans from the States. Its proximity to Quebec and Montreal makes it a favourite spot for week-ends. It has excellent hotels and some cottages that may be rented; others are summer homes. The Bay has less formality and show than the States resorts, but more of kindly democracy and hospitality to the stranger. The golf-links are famous, and river and shore afford many sports.

BANFF

Banff is a summer resort in the heart of the Canadian Rockies and may be reached by the Canadian Pacific railroad. Among Canadians, it has always been a favourite spa, and of late years it has had many enthusiastic visitors from the States. There is shooting of course, and the mountains invite many excursions. A large modern hotel on a high eminence overlooks a gorgeous cascade and the junction of the Spray and the Bow rivers. The hot sulphur waters at Banff are noted for remarkable curative powers.

THE PACIFIC COAST

From San Francisco south stretches a chain of resorts, colonies with clubs, villas, and bungalows, and great luxurious hotels. The gay season is generally that of the late winter and the early spring when the local contingent is reinforced by another from the East. This coast has everything to offer the visitor—an ideal climate, a broad expanse of ocean with harbours for yachting, and a background of lofty mountains; besides this, golf and polo and aviation. One of the great attractions here and at Del Monte and Coronado Beach is the polo for which crack players come from all over the world.


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WHERE GOES THE TICKET?

(Continued from page 28)

Andalusia; and the Great White Fleet that leaves from New York and takes one around the smiling Caribbean in its white enamel and mahogany and chintz-fitted steamships, is much, much more satisfactory than anything Spain ever did in the way of railways.

The Government has been handing back the Great White Fleet of late, and the twenty-two days' cruise from New York to Santa Marta, Colombia, is now available in all its pre-war excellence. Jamaica waits midway, its tropic languor and colour and passion steadied into well-bred composure by two centuries and a half of British rule, its twelve-mile Kingston harbour ruffled by the cool southeast trade wind, its Blue Mountains reaching into the north temperate zone by sheer virtue of their volcanic height. Jamaica owns the Titchfield, too, at Port Antonio, the finest resort hotel in the American tropics. The twenty-two days' cruise also includes, for contrast, Cristobal on the Isthmus, as North American as Chicago, and Cartagena in Colombia where the King of Spain once stored his pieces of eight behind forty-foot walls. There is also a Great White Fleet cruise of sixteen days from New Orleans to Havana, Cristobal, and Bocas del Toro. About the middle of July or possibly earlier, there will be boats leaving New York every two weeks for Central America, calling on the way at Santiago and Port Antonio as they did before the war.

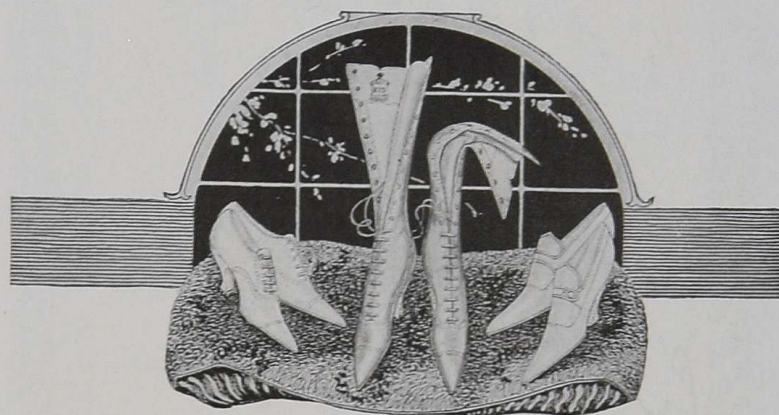
As for South America itself—that vast and wonderful and tremendously prosperous offspring of Old Spain and New Business—the Pacific Line, offers to the voyager who has already reached the Isthmus by other lines, a trip from Cristobal to Valparaiso taking in seaport after seaport with names sounding like high tide in the bay of Biscay. And if one craves sight of a civilization older than anything Europe has to offer, one can take a train from Mollendo to Lake Titicaca over two spark passes in the Andes, each with its gorges, its peaks and its glaciers. Cuzco, "The City of the Sun," belonged to

the Incas, and in the middle of weird Titicaca loom the Sacred Isles, the mysterious ruins of those temples suggesting who knows of fearsome rite, coeval with the Pyramids. Before long the magnificent fifteen-thousand-ton steamers of the Pacific Navigation Company, as luxurious as the highest type of North Atlantic liner, will be running regularly from New York down to the Canal and then through the gates and straight along to the Ports of Peru and Chile.

Last of all in southern seas, there are the charming tucked-away-and-forgotten little British West Indies, and Martinique where Lafcadio Hearn dreamed away tranced days. The Quebec Steamship Line runs direct from New York to St. Thomas, calling at St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Barbadoes, and the rest of the wonderful little islands on the way to Georgetown.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, too, will soon resume service from New York to the Caribbean as before the war, but meantime many of its former patrons take train to Halifax where they connect with the Royal Mail Company's Canadian-West Indies steamers for the British West Indies. As for the extra trouble—what man who has ever heard the tamboula at night, or eaten akras fried in fresh butter is going to consider such a trifle when the time comes again to take the long seas that break across the bars of the Grenadines?

It seems a far cry from the Caribbean to the North Pacific, but one of the best short ocean trips available is that thousand miles from Seattle, Victoria, or Vancouver to Skagway in Alaska, with the postscript possibility of a still further two thousand down the Yukon River to Saint Michael at its mouth. This is a trip with just one single possibility of rough water, when crossing Queen Charlotte Sound. For the rest, one travels from dawn till dark, as calmly as on the river that carried Elaine from Astolat, slipping between immense mountains treed from the shore line to their crests.



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Predominant for the smartest Spring and Summer wear are shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81."

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

(Continued from page 75)

yard. The neck and sleeves are bound in plain black and are filled in with a wide band of organdie that is sewn in the neck and stands out in a soft drape. It begins at one side where the bodice fastens and drapes around the back and fills in one side, cleverly covering the fastening arrangements. At one side, it tucks into the belt and may be finished with a rosette of organdie or of silk.

The frock sketched at the upper left on page 61 is shown in a soft, dull-finished, black foulard marked in white, although it would be equally pretty in brown or in navy blue. This model shows the charming use of silk net or tulle. A fold of white or cream net is used to fill in the neck-line of the surplice bodice in a most becoming fashion. Tight set-in sleeves of three-quarters length are attractively finished with a fold of tulle, the widest section forming a loop that softens the line of the arm. An otherwise straight skirt with fulness at the top drapes softly up at one side under a panel of the material. This straight panel is made in two parts, the upper part forming a loop, the under part tucking in under the bottom of the skirt. The frock is made in one piece and fastens at one

side under a crushed girdle that is really part of the bodice. This material is forty inches wide; \$4.50 a yard.

A frock for the young girl is suggested in blue silk laid off in checks with fine white lines and sketched at the bottom of page 61. The youthful lines of this frock are accentuated by a piping in highly lustrous satin of exactly the same shade of blue. Outlining the shallow neck-line from shoulder to shoulder is a narrow band of organdie about an inch and a half wide. The centre of this band is laid in tiny tucks marked with knots at the end of the tucks, and a diminutive hem finishes either side.

Note.—As long as the need continues, Vogue will conduct this department to meet the needs of the woman with a war-reduced income. If any special problem confronts you, write to Vogue, 19 West 44th Street, enclose a three-cent stamp, and it will answer without charge any individual question on dress, will suggest ways of altering frocks, assist in planning a wardrobe, and suggest patterns. Vogue will cut a pattern of any costume shown in this department at the special rate of \$3 in size 36; other sizes, with pinned patterns, \$5.

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The Princess Murat is partial to the feather dresses so much in vogue and proved how effective they might be by wearing one of black with a huge fan

PARIS ENTERTAINS A QUEEN

(Continued from page 37)



The Greek sandal has returned to favour and is even worn upon the street

ly, for we have had enough of the uniform which recalls too many hours of grief. In the presence of these frock coats and the cutaway, we feel a calmer atmosphere, a greater certainty that the war is over.

After all, is it not the dance which is the surest gage of peace? Controversies about the dance arise on all sides. Our great daily papers demand articles on this subject from our foremost writers,

coat in preference to the cutaway, which the English call the morning coat, and which, nevertheless, we still see at distinguished afternoon affairs. The white vest and white gaiters accent with their note of white the sober black of civil life, which we welcome gladly,

—are they for or against the dance? Some smile at the passing dancers, others call heaven to witness the scandal. We shall never succeed in bringing the two parties to accord.

At least in the matter of feminine costume, the dance has brought a variety of light and becoming forms which delight our eyes. There are gowns like flowers, two skirts of floating panels one above the other, opening in the dance like the perfumed petals of the flowers in the spring sunshine. Other frocks are very like those on the immortal figures of Goya, which the Petit Palais is now showing us through the courtesy of the King of Spain, who has graciously consented to send to Paris several canvases by the great Spanish painter and the cartoons for his most beautiful tapestries.

The opening of this exhibition took place with official ceremony. The Ambassador from Spain, Monsieur Quinones de Léon, himself sent out the invitations, and a most distinguished gathering met in the galleries of the

(Continued on page 86)



The Countess de Beaumont received guests at her matinée in a very short gown (from Vionnet) of biscuit coloured crêpe de China strewn with roses of silk in the same colour

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PARIS ENTERTAINS A QUEEN

(Continued from page 86)

Petit Palais at about eleven o'clock. For lovers of the admirable art of Goya and Velasquez, for those who in repeated pilgrimages have seen at Toledo the wonderful works left by El Greco, it was a great delight to find hanging on the walls of the Petit Palais in Paris so many of the precious canvases which have been preserved beneath the sunny skies of Madrid.

The Italian section and that reserved for French book-lovers were not less interesting. Women spent hours together there, recalling memories of their happiest journeys, bringing back through the magic of these hundreds of works the moments when they had lived most deeply, since in them they had seen the revelation of an art which had roused the highest emotions, putting the soul in contact with absolute beauty, moral as well as æsthetic.

In the crowd of visitors at my left and right, I saw some of the wide hats of the days before the war, hats on which the supple and silky paradise was softly laid. I also saw fringes forming entire skirts, and I noted that almost the only style of wrap was the cape of black satin with monkey fur.

Above her head and apparently fastening her bodice, the pretty and dainty Madame de Mier wore a tiny arrow of diamonds from Cartier. That little arrow of ancient symbolism is a favourite with the coquettes of to-day. Some of them wear it ironically on the brim of the hat to fasten the veil—far enough from the heart is this. Others use this little arrow to fasten the bodice above the waist, as if to assert that they fear not its dangers. One of my friends prefers the star—of hope or love—which she wears daily in a tiny jewel of brilliants concealed at her girdle or beneath a bit of drapery. One questions whether the Latin races will ever renounce these symbols and fetiches, old superstitions rooted in them even as they are in the Persians.

THE MODERN ESTHETES OF PARIS

If many people dance, there are others who spend their time less comprehensibly in asserting their intellectuality by going to hear the reading of works written in most incomprehensible language, the pretension of which surpasses anything that one could imagine. Doubtless these pseudo-intellectuals come away but more bewildered than they went, but they conceal the bewilderment beneath an air of comprehension and of scorn of those plain and simple mortals who have a higher ideal of French literature. One can not forbear to smile at this group of esthetes, for that is what they are, and esthetes, one would remind them sadly, have been out of fashion these twenty years. Why then should they talk to us of their modernism? Why could not the war have freed us from these pseudo-artists? That was almost the only good thing that we did expect of it. It is a pity that so many of us seem to have remained in that same state of artistic folly in which we were in 1914. *Ma foi*, excessive though it may be, I prefer that idea of happiness in accord with the will of nature of which Monsieur André Gide speaks in his "Literature."

"All through the day, we amuse ourselves by performing the various acts of daily life to the rhythm of the dance. To a definite measure, Marc goes to the pump for water, pumps it, and brings back the brimming pitcher. We know by heart the movements required to bring a bottle of wine from the cellar, open it, and drink it, and we have analyzed them. We drink in rhythm. We invent steps for getting

ourselves out of the difficulties of life, other steps for telling of personal troubles, yet others for concealing them. There is the dance measure which expresses condolence, and that which expresses congratulations. There is the rigadon of mad despair and the minuet called 'legitimate aspirations.'"

THE VOGUE OF THE INFORMAL LUNCH

Doubtless for this sort of life, the régime of restrictions would be perfectly adapted; one would assuredly be obliged to eat but little. That, moreover, is the régime in force at present in the houses best known for their good cheer—in Paris. The lunch, which is now a daily affair, since nearly every one is engaged for dinner for weeks in advance, is given to only a limited number of guests, eight at the most. There is no cloth, and the wines are placed on the table in decanters of antique crystal. The plates and these decanters are set on round doilies in coloured embroidery or squares of fringed thread-work. The lunch consists of eggs, a meat dish, and a sweet,—nothing else.

For this informal meal, women wear the costumes which they have donned for the morning walk, that is to say, a very simple toilette. It is at these lunches especially that we see again the trim and correctly severe tailored costume which we have not seen in many seasons. With these suits is worn an infinite variety of blouses in brilliant colours and matching the hats in clever fashion.

I have said that too many women dress like twin sisters, and in confirmation of the assertion I state the sad fact that at a recent ball, I saw exactly the same costume five or six times and on women of totally different types.

A few women of originality, wishing to avoid this sameness of which I speak, ask anxiously, "Where can I go for an evening gown? I want something simple, sober, something which will afford a change from these eternal gowns of gold or silver brocade which throng at every evening affair."

Where can one go? There indeed is the question, and I who love originality, or rather individuality, most of all, I know of only one way to accomplish it. That is to have each gown specially designed for its wearer, for the individual silhouette which the heavens have bestowed on each woman, with its own defects and qualities. I admire immensely the Countess Greffulhe, who usually has her gowns made for her after models and designs which she herself has created in accordance with her many researches. I can not recall that I have ever seen her badly gowned.

THE CULTIVATION OF INDIVIDUALISM

Progress in the differentiation of character is, it is true, very marked in the arrangement of furniture through the last ten years and especially since the war. The present fashion of arranging flowers in the rooms is definitely characteristic of each woman. Thus I see branches of blossoming magnolia on the great staircase in the home of the Duchess Sforza, as well as in her Oriental salon. The Countess de Beaumont chooses hyacinths, myosotis, and narcissus, which, tied in bunches as in the flower market, are laid loosely in low bowls of smoked glass. The Countess Luis Suverville, on whose table are white and grey Chinese potteries, has used a spray of black iris with magic effect. By the side of her turquoise Chinese porcelains, she leaves a few delicately lovely white roses with dark leaves, making an exquisite symphony.

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TRAVELLER'S LUCK IN JAPAN

(Continued from page 29)

now become "institutions." Moreover, good guides, lecturers, and interpreters are on hand, to add interest and evoke memories. Yet let the traveller of long purse beware of the too common trick of shortening the visits to things and places worth seeing, in order to pilot the newcomer as quickly as possible to the shops where silks and curios are sold to an eager clientèle.

One should go to Japan determined to see the "soul-side," as Browning said, of the large cities, the old capitals, and some typical feudal city, like Fukui, or Kumamoto, where castle, citadel, moats, bridges, and the paraphernalia of the old system of feudalism are still kept in order. Much of old Japan is now in the museums.

THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF JAPAN

One need not here catalogue the famous places, for these are set forth, with brevity or fulness, as desired, and with taste and proportional appreciation in Terry's one volume handy-book, "The Japanese Empire," published in Boston. The three-volume "Official Guide Book of the Japanese Railways," leaves little to be desired, being quite equal in print, binding, maps, and plans, to anything produced in Europe. Steamers call at all the important points, and the Inland Sea is as lovely as ever. In the mountains, vehicles are plentiful. Prices, of course, are not as of old, but they have risen only in proportion with the same elsewhere.

The native Japanese, who is an enthusiast for scenery, has ever in mind three or four beauty spots, and he is likely to think a journey to the Land of the Gods in vain unless these places are included in it. These are Matsushima and Nikko in the north, Ama no Hashidate and Miyajima in the southwest, with, of course, the ascent of Fujiyama, if possible, and a stay in Kioto—"The City of the Nine-Fold Circle of Flowers"—and a visit to Kamakura, the mediæval capital, and the dragon-guard Enoshima.

Yet most of these, "sceneries," as the natives say, depend for full enjoyment on a smooth sea and fair weather. Matsushima (Pine Island) or "the Eight Hundred and Eight Isles" (really but about three hundred) are wooded and of fantastic shapes, ranging from sixty to three hundred feet high. Once part of the mainland, the evading currents and dashing waves of a million years have carved what was in early ages the solid earth into a land and seascape of entrancing beauty. At sunrise and set, in moonlight, in time of storm, when the writhing trees, wrestling with the gale, seem almost human in their appeal and protest against the winds, and in winter, lovely with snow-laden branches, they have been the delight of natives and the rapture of artists for a thousand years. The fine Park Hotel, at the railway station, with its English-speaking manager, meets travellers from Tokio. The steam launch is sent among the islands, that all may get a close view of the beauty spots. The high places on the loftiest islands are well worth ascending for their superb views over land and water. For colour, splendour of atmospheric effects, glory of earth and sky, and change of aspects and woods, this tiny archipelago of Matsushima cannot be surpassed.

In Japan, the weather is always the umpire, and the sun is still the Far-Shining One that rules the pleasures of mortals on this earth. Connected closely with her story is the next great show place we shall notice, the Ama no Hashidate, or Bridge of Heaven, which is southwest of Kioto and reached by

railway and small steamer. It is a tongue of land not quite two miles long, rich in magnificent old pine-trees. When the Sun Goddess lived on the Earth and Heaven was not far away, being reached easily by a bridge or pillar that united these two portions of the Universe; she dwelt alternately on the one or the other. After the pranks of her small-boy brother, Susano-o, she left the earth for good, arriving in Heaven, and the rock-ladder fell down flat and now lies at full length where one may see it to-day—its huge length and its rungs rising out of the sea. If one is to visit Ama no Hashidate, or, indeed any fashionable hotel in the crowded tourist season, he will do well to telegraph ahead for rooms and to choose a fair day.

Yet if the traveller feels that he would rather spend his allotted time less with native beauty and more where human interests, traditions, and pleasurable attractions cluster, he will find these most to his taste in the great cities or their suburbs. Yokohama, Tokio, Kioto, Asaka, Nagoya, Nagasaki, and Sendai are centres from which he may most conveniently reach the classic or storied sites which are numerous in the vicinity and at which there are good hotels. For example, Kamakura, with the Kaihin-in Hotel, and Enoshima, reached by electric car, are very easily arrived at from Yokohama; Otsu, Nara, and Lake Biwa are within short distances of Kioto where the Miyako Hotel is the most fashionable, but many others are excellent. At the Christmas holidays, all are crowded.

If the visitor to Japan would escape the heats and humidity of the lowlands and tidal waters, there are the mountain resorts, plateaus, and the long picturesque highways, Tokaido, Sanido, and Nakasendo stretching across or down the main island and strung with towns and cities like beads on a rosary. At Karuizawa (3,180 feet), five hours by rail from Tokio, flowers bloom one whole month later than in the capital. Karuizawa is a sort of summer Chautauqua and anything else—from Palm Beach to Asbury Park—with a foreign population running into thousands, and the hotels are apt to be crowded from July to September. In the same highland region on the backbone of Hondo, the main island, are Kusatsu hot springs and the ever-active volcano, Asama Yama. Nearer Tokio, are Miyanoshta (Foot of the Shrine, 377 feet) and Lake Hakone with glorious scenery, for Fujiyama dominates all this mountain watering-place; these are also crowded in summer, sometimes unpleasantly so, and are not so worthy of visitation for scenery as other mountain resorts, though the hotel Fujia is one of the best in Japan.

THE HOTELS OF JAPAN

The most fashionable hotels are, of course, at the places most generously patronized by tourists in large numbers. In luxury and comforts, they rival the best in Europe and America. "The Oriental," for example, at Kobe, is a fine example. Certainly, in some points of dainty service, charm of novelty, and cleanness, they are superior to our average. Prices range at these finer hotels, as for example, the Grand and Oriental Palace, at Yokohama, from \$5 to \$20 a day; the average throughout the country for foreign guests is much lower and like those that obtain in our own land. It is always best, especially in the interior, to inquire beforehand what "the terms" include. All the best hotels are on the

(Continued on page 87)

TRAVELLER'S LUCK IN JAPAN

(Continued from page 86)

American plan. In general, the visitor receives more personal attention from the manager than is the case with us. The pleasure and comfort of the individual, rather than imposing architecture or splendour of furnishings are the ends sought. In some places, the traveller will find under the same roof both the native and the foreign styles of building and equipment.

As a rule, however, those who would taste and see purely Japanese food, cookery, service, and sleeping accommodations must seek the native inns or restaurants. Many hotels, especially in the seasons of light business, will rent rooms without board, and usually at these times prices tend to be lower.

As to seasons, one must remember that the arctic and the tropical having wedded in Japan, their offspring, the Climate, is ever variable, partaking of the characteristics of both parents. Hence its charm and fascination—with also its disappointments and exasperations.

The Japanese recognize only two seasons, the wet and the dry. Nevertheless, nature is fickle about keeping the appointments made for her by mortals. When it is wet in Japan, there is no wetness in Yankee land that can compare to the Japanese variety. What is metallic rusts or gathers paten. All textiles—whether dress coats or dainty chiffons—should be kept, even over night, in air-tight boxes. Better keep your trunks shut! Else the *oni*, or Japanese imps or fairies, will cause to appear on your possessions a microscopic landscape that is more dainty to look at than to possess. However wonderful, when studied through magnifiers, it is decidedly objectionable. Kid or leather gloves turn green. A pair of freshly polished boots may grow, even between vespers and dawn, a veritable forest of minute vegetation.

THE WET SEASON

The wet season is scheduled to arrive in mid-June—unless it happens to have a foreword or print a preface in April. In July, the windows of Heaven are open for the month, and the celestial floor seems to drop out. Then follows a muggy humid spell with mist and thunder-storms. Tokio has fifty-five inches of annual rainfall, and Kyushu, one hundred and twenty-five inches. The rain is Japan's sorrow, making engineering constantly needful for protection repair. The width of the torrential rivers and the desolated tracts, strewn with gravel and pebbles (the latter so much utilized everywhere for yard, garden, and area spaces) will surprise most observers. Yet, although water is so plentiful, it may be that there is "not a drop to drink." One should be very careful, for health's sake, to drink only boiled or aerated water unless he knows the antecedents of the drink offered.

From July 20 to August 10 is the period of greatest heat. This is the time most trying to the alien resident and foreign tourist. The thermometer climbs into the nineties and is apt to stay there. In this season, also, come those whirling storms known as typhoons which lash and thrash the islands.

Yet, during all this time, one can keep comfortable on the highlands, and in late August and early September occur many delightful days. There may be occasional downpours, and this is the rainiest time of the year in the Tokio-Yokohama region.

From October to February is the crown of the year. Within this stretch of time, descend from the empyrean a sort of Indian summer and a "Little

Spring." The skies are sapphire, and the whole land glistens and sparkles. The air has a delicious tang in it that makes the dweller in the Mikado's Empire believe that climatic conditions are the best in the world. The autumn with its "Red Leaf Month" is a season of floral and colour glory. Then the cultivators of the chrysanthemums, both public and private, give their exhibitions, and lovers of the hardy and more gorgeous flowers enter into a revel of joy.

Real winter begins about the end of January, being raw, penetrating, and disagreeable, but because of humidity, rather than the cold. On the lowlands, or sea level, with eastern exposure, snow rarely lies on the ground for twenty-four hours, and many flowers bloom all winter. To the average Canadian, Bostonian, or New Yorker, a Japanese winter is a mild farce. The whole scene and the climatic situation are changed, however, if one lives or travels beyond the central mountain range; that is on the west coast of the main island. There the people may burrow for months in snow tunnels and drive sleighs over the housetops.

About March 15, spring is heralded by the nightingale and the plum-blossoms (which, indoors, come to glory in February), and all are happy at the promise of mildness and beauty. The Japanese are an outdoor people, and few are those comforts indoors to which we are accustomed.

THE JAPANESE CLIMATE

In a word, an American from the Atlantic coast finds in the Japanese climate much the same conditions, in a country stretching nearly two thousands miles from North to South, that he knows at home, from Maine to Georgia; without, however, the prostrating power of New York City's mid-summer heat, or the deadly monotony of sultriness in the Middle West, or the rigours of the winter in the central or Eastern states. From May to October, one day out of three is more or less rainy. Yet the wise can foresee even the antics of the weather. There is in Japan a splendid system of meteorological indications, and attention to these will increase one's pleasure. Even earthquakes and cyclones are predicted with a high percentage of fulfilment.

As to wardrobe, one can safely leave behind fur coats and sealskins—registering them at the home custom house, however, if one does take them along for possible travel in the far north. On the lowlands, in summer, light thin clothes with white shoes and pith or straw hats are the rule. When on the mountains, however, some wraps and warm underwear are very desirable in the early and late hours of the day and at night. At other seasons, the clothes which an American wears at home suit the general need. Travellers reaching Japan along the northern routes usually complain of the warmth, while those sailing up from tropical seas think the country a chilly place—at first.

A dress coat and evening costume are essentials of the wardrobe, for hospitality is general and gala occasions on land may frequently occur. Though not as rigorous a custom as on the steamers sailing eastward from Europe, yet evening dress is common on the trans-Pacific vessels. In Japan at the Emperor's or Empress's Garden-parties and at notable public functions, the official invitations usually prescribe for the men silk hats and Prince Albert coats, and if these are not worn or if a woman appears in mourning, admittance is refused at gate or door.

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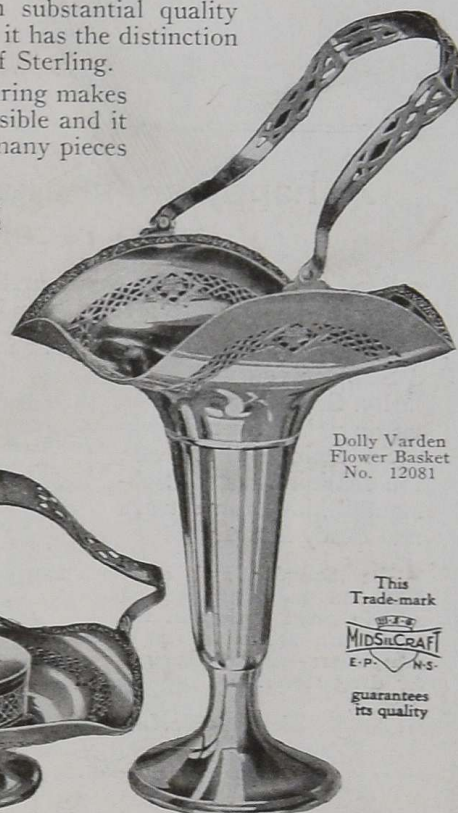
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PARIS PREPARES FOR TRAVEL

(Continued from page 40)

dignity when an imported jazz band begins the eternal "Smiles" over which Paris has gone crazy. One finds that the sheathlike foundation with which most of the gowns commence is usually slit on one side or folded over in some fashion which makes swift movement possible, while the train is simply lifted and slung over the arm.

Madame Vallet is making many scarfs to go with her evening dresses; some of her clients order as many as six in different colours for the same gown. The gown sketched on page 40 called "Diamond Noir" is quite original in form with its narrow black satin sheath and its overdress which, attached to the arms by means of jet bead bracelets, looks like a great pair of spangled wings. It was worn by the Princess de Polignac, the sister-in-law of the Marquise de Polignac who is so well known in New York, at one of the many entertainments given for the Queen of Roumania. The tulle overdress is embroidered in spider-webs of *corbeau bleu* tube beads and round jet beads with flowers of black paillettes at intervals. The gown is more décolleté at one side than on the other.

Evening dress is once more assuming its important place in a woman's wardrobe; in fact, it seems to be usurping more than its share of attention, for the great sartorial puzzle of the present moment is "When is an evening gown?" At the Gala Matinée given at the Grand Opéra for the benefit of the devastated regions of France, a great many of the women in the very smart audience seemed to have made toilets which New York would have considered suitable only after seven o'clock. Sleeves were more the exception than the rule; many gowns were absolutely sleeveless. Neck-lines were frankly décolleté; evening coiffures of silvered or gilded leaves veiled with tulle were common. At teas and at matinées one sees sleeveless and low-cut satin frocks which would look perfectly at home in a ballroom; the only feature that distinguishes the true evening gown is the fashion of dispensing altogether with the back of the waist. I have yet to see one of these backless gowns worn at an afternoon function.

STAGE MODES FROM REDFERN

The gold creation sketched in the middle of page 39 and worn by Madame Cassive in "Le Roi des Palaces" shows this feature, and it would probably be reserved for the evening even by the most devoted lover of the sensational. The piece is a plotless but delightful comedy with a wonderful part for the inimitable Max Dearly, and it inaugurates a new management at the renamed Théâtre de Paris, formerly the Théâtre Réjane. Madame Cassive plays opposite Dearly. She wears the clothes shown in the sketches on page 39, which were made by Redfern, always a favourite house with the stage world ever since his famous gowns for Mary Garden in the Opéra Comique production of "Aphrodite"; those were a nine days' wonder in their time. In the first act, Madame Cassive wears the mantle sketched at the upper left of the page over a draped gown beaded all over with grey beads. In the last, she appears in the gorgeous golden affair in a setting of rose and white. Her headgear is from Lewis; first a hat of that shade of brownish tulle which they call "blond" (a dark coffee colour), the crown fitting the head and the brim made of many layers of folded tulle, giving the effect of a big brown rose. There are two brooms of paradise in the back, and the coiffure which she wears with the golden gown and which

consists of a twist of gold tulle, is also audaciously plumed with these feathery fronds. The revival of paradise is one of the conspicuous notes in the ever-changing song of summer millinery.

Two of the hats made by Lewis for the Duchess Sforza, sketched on page 42, are also interestingly accented with this delicate garniture which was utterly suppressed during the war, but is rapidly regaining all its former popularity. Evening hats like these will be seen at the Casino at Deauville, their brooms of paradise placed at eccentric but becoming angles which have been studied by their wearer and her milliner with the care that a still-life artist gives to the placing of the objects on his canvas. The evening hat, of "lamé de jais" embroidered in emeralds and jet and hung with loops of big cut-jet beads, illustrates the growing tendency to widen the head at the sides. Hair-dressing also shows this in many cases, the hair being brushed back flatly from the forehead and the line broadened over each ear. A suggestion of the hats of the Second Empire is seen in the jade green straw on the same page with its cascade of black Chantilly lace falling at one side like the veils of the Empress Eugénie in the portraits by Winterhalter. Summer hats from Lewis illustrate the excellent principle of good line and little trimming. Turbans of straw or of silk for tailored wear, trimmed with quills or with deeply fringed grosgrain ribbon, *cloches*, Directoire helmets, "Merveilleuse" effects with sweeping plumes of paradise, Marie Antoinette mushrooms in thin materials,—all these are found in the collection together with wonderful evening coiffures of glittering tissues.

CHEZ MARIA GUY

At Maria Guy's, taffeta and Chantilly lace seem to reign supreme. Lines like those of the eighteenth-century "English School" are found in delightful modern interpretations. The one sketched at the right on page 41 is in black taffeta lined with the same silk in Nattier blue and draped with a veil of black Chantilly, held in place with small rosettes of black taffeta with crisp ends of the same placed at each side of the crown. Another taffeta creation is the one with the much-favoured combination of black and brown trimmed with a garland of black taffeta roses, its outlines so soft and vague that a light touch on the brim will change its shape. Hats to be worn for dancing are a novelty here. The one sketched at the bottom of page 41 is in black Chantilly wired into pointed shape and hung with moss-roses. There are others of tulle covering a bandeau of silver and gold tissue. For morning wear in the country, Maria Guy is making rather large mushrooms in taffeta of bright soft colours lined with white muslin and trimmed with a simple taffeta bow, stiffened with a lining of the same muslin. This material appears again in a wide-brimmed hat, worked with French knots, with a crown of black velvet. The great vogue of ostrich, either uncurled or glycerized, continues and is illustrated in the black taffeta bonnet lined with bright blue and trimmed with two limp plumes, one black and one blue. This is sketched at the top of page 41.

The developments in millinery and dressmaking are particularly interesting to watch this season. There is a tremendous volume of orders without workers enough to fill them, for no one wants to be an apprentice any more or a "hand" at the old workroom scale.

M. H.

Instead of Linen - INDIAN HEAD CLOTH

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WHEN a woman is dressed in Indian Head she appears at her best. Whatever the setting for the picture she makes, the crisp beauty of her white Indian Head gown enhances her charm. A change of hat or shoes gives the same Indian Head frock the effect of another gown.

Indian Head is woven for service as well as fashion. It wrinkles little and does not readily show soil. It launders easily and will wear a long time. Reasonable in price, the firm thread and linen finish of Indian Head make it a most satisfactory fabric for tub dresses and suits for all occasions.

"Indian Head" always is in dotted letters on selvage. Made 27, 33, 36, 44 and 54 inches wide and sold everywhere. Identify ready-to-wear clothes of Indian Head by woven label.

We will replace with equal yardage any piece of Indian Head which does not give satisfactory wear, keep its smooth finish or clear white color.

One woman's many uses of Indian Head is told in "Her Thrift Fabric." Free on request.

Amory, Browne & Co. Dept. 32, Box 1206
BOSTON, MASS.

Kalburnie Zephyr Gingham

Nashua Woolnap Blankets





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